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NSFORMATION OF HAWAII

By Belle M. Brain

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The Transformation of Hawaii

How American Missionaries
Gave a Christian Nation
to the World . . . . . .

TOLD FOR YOUNG FOLKS

BY

BELLE M. BRAIN

Author of "Fuel for Missionary Fires," etc.

NEW YORK CHICAGO TORONTO

Fleming H. Revell Company

Publishers of Evangelical Literature

M.R.D.

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To the
Dear Young Girls
of the
Alexander Proudfit Mission Band
First Presbyterian Church
Springfield, Ohio
These stories of Hawaiian missionary history
are affectionately dedicated by their leader
"Aloha! Aloha!"

Putnam, 13 Apr., '99, 67¢.

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Foreword

THE marvellous transformation wrought by American missionaries in the Hawaiian Islands, is one of the most remarkable achievements of the nineteenth century. Every young person in the United States ought to be familiar with the story, especially now that the little island republic has become a part of our own beloved land.

This little book, which is by no means an exhaustic history of missions in the islands, but simply a short record of fifty years' successful work, is sent out in the hope that the busy young people of our day will turn aside for a few hours to learn how a race of degraded savages became an intelligent, God-fearing Christian nation.

Part of the material herewith presented has already appeared in the *Christian Endeavor World* and *Forward*, papers for young people that are doing a great work in diffusing missionary knowledge.

BELLE M. BRAIN,

SPRINGFIELD, OHIO, September 6, 1898.

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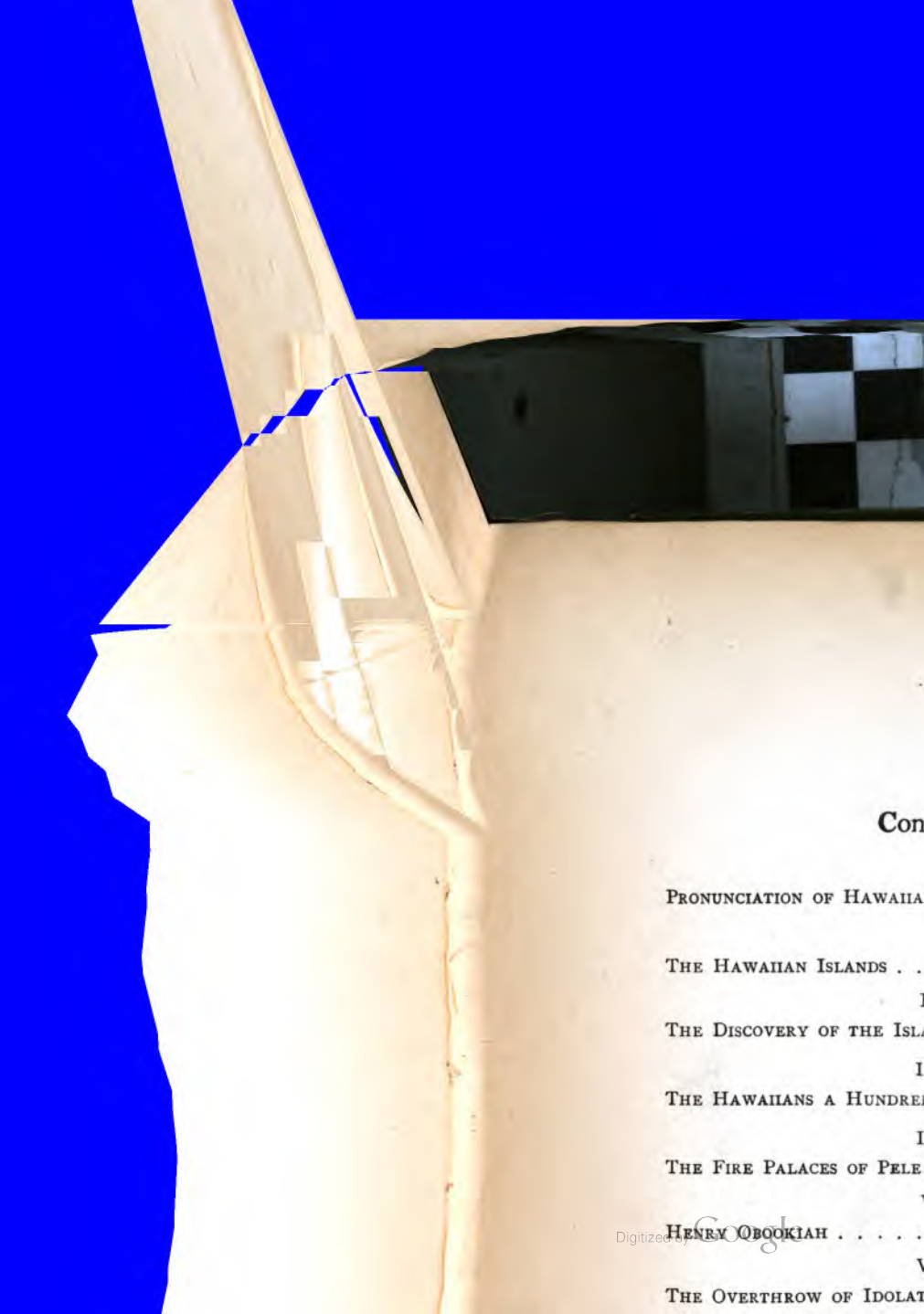

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THE FIRE PALACES OF PELE

HENRY OBOOKIAH . . . . .

THE OVERTHROW OF IDOLAT

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Pronunciation of Hawaiian Words

THE Hawaiian language was reduced to writing by the American missionaries, who used but twelve letters, five vowels and seven consonants —a, e, i, o, u, h, k, l, m, n, p and w. As a rule each letter has but one sound, and every syllable ends with a vowel.

The letter a is usually pronounced as a in father; e as a in late; i as i in machine; o as o in note; u as u in rule; ai as i in fine; and au as ow in how. Hawaii is pronounced Hah-wye-ee; Kilauea, Keel-ah-wee-ah; and Kamehameha, Kah-mayhah-mayhah, with the accent on the syllable *may*.

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I

The Hawaiian Islands

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ALOHA!

The sweet and expressive Hawaiian word *Aloha* means "Love to you!" It is not only a salutation and a farewell, a good-night and a good-morning, but a convenient term that can be fittingly used on every occasion where one wishes to convey all the kindness and good will that can be expressed in human speech.

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The Transformation of Hawaii

I

THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS

THE Hawaiian Islands, which by the adoption of the annexation resolutions on July 6, 1898, became a part of the United States of America, were added to our territory, not by purchase, nor by conquest, but by the vote of the Hawaiian people, who offered them to us as a gift.

They lie at the "crossroads of the Pacific," more than 2,000 miles from San Francisco and about 3,400 miles from Yokohama, and are the central point in the great network of ocean highways between the United States, Canada, Mexico and South America on the east, and China, Japan, the East Indies, Australia and the islands of the Pacific on the west. They are, therefore, of great importance both commercially and politically.

This new possession of the United States, which is called by the natives Hawaii-nei, orig-

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inally consisted of eight islands, Hawaii, Maui, Lanai, Kahoolawe, Molokai, Oahu, Kauai and Niihau; and four uninhabited islets, Molokini, Lehua, Kaula and Bird Island. The number now included in the group, however, is somewhat larger, the Hawaiian government having increased her territory by annexing several small rocky islands to the far northwest. The aggregate area is 6,640 square miles, a little less than that of the state of New Jersey.

According to Captain C. E. Dutton these islands are the "summits of a gigantic submarine mountain range, their highest mountains rising to nearly 14,000 feet above the ocean, and their bases extending downward to from 15,000 to 18,000 feet below it. Referred to the bottom of the ocean these islands are higher than the Himalayas." They are largely of volcanic origin and have many volcanoes, among them some of the most noted in the world.

Hawaii, the largest island, is ninety miles in length and seventy in breadth, and its area is nearly 4,000 square miles, almost two-thirds of that of the entire group. It boasts the highest mountains of any island in the Pacific, its two snow-capped peaks, Mauna Loa and Mauna Kea, each having an altitude of nearly 14,000 feet.

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It also enjoys the distinction of having three great volcanoes, Mauna Loa, Kilauea, and Hualalai, of such surpassing interest as to attract many travellers and men of science to its shores. Kilauea is the largest active crater in existence.

The principal seaport of this island is the lovely little city of Hilo on the northeast coast, in the midst of a very fertile and highly tropical region. It has a fine harbor, protected by a reef of coral and lava.

The island of Maui is second in size. Its eastern portion is occupied by the great mountain Haleakala, at the summit of which, 10,000 feet above the ocean, is a vast cavern seven miles long, three miles broad, and 2,000 feet deep—the largest extinct crater in the world.

Oahu, the fourth island in size, is first in commercial and political importance. On it is situated Honolulu, the capital of the islands. Its magnificent harbor, the finest in the group, affords safe anchorage for vessels of all sizes and exceptional advantages for loading and unloading cargoes, giving it great importance as a commercial centre.

Honolulu is a beautiful city of 30,000 inhabitants, having all the modern improvements common to progressive cities of the United

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States, including telegraph and telephone systems, street cars and electric lights. Its rich tropical vegetation gives it a rare beauty and its many fine buildings add to its attractiveness. Among these are the Queen's Hospital, the gift of King Kamehameha IV. and Queen Emma; the Lunalilo Home for Aged Hawaiians, a bequest of King Lunalilo; the Iolani Palace, built by King Kalakaua; the Kamehameha School, endowed by Mrs. Charles R. Bishop, by an investment worth $500,000; and the Union Church, a magnificent edifice erected at a cost of $125,000.

At Punahou, a suburb of Honolulu, about two miles from the city, is the famous Oahu College, now in its fifty-eighth year. Its finely cultivated grounds comprise some 300 acres, and hundreds of royal palms border its walks and drives.

Honolulu is not only the commercial and political metropolis of the islands, but also the centre of their religious and educational activities. In it are located the headquarters of the Hawaiian Evangelical Association, the Young Men's Christian Association, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, the Home and Foreign Missionary Associations, and the bishoprics of the Protestant Episcopal and Roman Catholic Churches.

The famous leper asylum of Hawaii is located

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HONOLULU HARBOR.

NUUANU AVENUE, HONOLULU.

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on Molokai. Since 1865 the peninsula of Kalauwao, on the north side of this island has been set apart exclusively for persons afflicted with leprosy. It is a very fertile tract of about 5,000 acres, surrounded on three sides by the ocean, and on the fourth by a steep precipice from 2,000 to 3,000 feet in height which completely shuts it off from the remainder of the island.

To this refuge all lepers are sent for life, no permanent cure for this dread disease having ever been discovered. They are tenderly cared for at government expense, and everything possible is done to alleviate their sufferings and render their unhappy lives a little less miserable. The little community of more than a thousand persons is provided with churches, schools and reading-rooms. Indeed the privileges accorded these afflicted people are so great, that natives in perfect health have sometimes actually tried to disguise themselves as lepers in order to gain admission to the asylum!

The Hawaiian Islands, on account of their delightful and healthy climate, and the exquisite beauty of their natural scenery, have been called the "Paradise of the Pacific," a name they well deserve. Bathed in perpetual sunshine they have a great profusion of tropical fruits and flowers,

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and weather, as we know it, does not exist there —indeed there is no word in the language expressing the general idea of weather. Though the climate is tropical, it is thoroughly delightful, being so tempered by trade winds and ocean currents that extremes of heat and cold are quite unknown.

The native Hawaiians are kindly, hospitable folk, free from treachery and forgiving in spirit. They are intensely musical, singing continually at work or play, in sorrow or in joy. The language is musical and the native voices soft and low, so that harsh sounds are seldom heard.

Though naturally indolent, owing to the warm climate and the ease with which food supplies can be obtained, the natives are capable of energetic, intelligent work. There are few occupations, either mechanical or professional, in which they do not engage with great success. It is said that no savage race, after less than a century of civilization, has been able to make so good a showing.

Notwithstanding the corruption and misrule of the Hawaiian kings and other high officials in recent years, the islands have steadily grown in wealth and commercial importance. There are no poorhouses in the land, for there is no need

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of them. A large majority of the natives are Christians, living in comfortable circumstances and being fairly well educated. They are peaceful and law-abiding citizens, the number of convicts in the prisons being but one in three hundred of the population, and a majority of these are foreigners.

The population, according to the census of 1896, is 109,000, comprising 31,000 full-blooded Hawaiians, 8,500 half-castes, 21,600 Chinese, 24,400 Japanese, 15,000 Portuguese, 3,086 Americans, 2,250 British, and 1,500 Germans, the remainder being made up of almost every nationality under the sun.

Though Americans form so small a per centage of the population, the atmosphere of the islands is thoroughly American. This was primarily due to the fact that their evangelization and civilization was accomplished by New England missionaries who left an indelible stamp upon the people and their land.

The fine system of schools, the churches, the newspapers, the commercial interests and even the government itself, have long been under the control of the American element, which consists largely of the descendants of the early missionaries. It is also claimed that one-half of the real

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estate in the islands is owned by persons of American birth or descent.

In view of these facts it seems eminently fitting that this little island republic should become a part of the great republic of the United States, bearing the American name as well as the American characteristics.

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II

The Discovery of the Islands

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Hawaiian Numerals

One	Kahi.
Two	Alua.
Three	Akolu.
Four	Aha.
Five	Alima.
Six	Eono.
Seven	Ahiku.
Eight	Awalu.
Nine	Aiwa.
Ten	Umi.

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II

THE DISCOVERY OF THE ISLANDS

THE Hawaiian Islands were discovered by Captain James Cook, the famous English navigator, who called them Sandwich Islands in honor of his patron Lord Sandwich, First Lord of the British Admiralty. The natives, however, called them Hawaiian Islands, and this has always been their official name.

In July, 1776, Captain Cook, with two armed ships, the *Resolution* and the *Discovery*, set sail from Plymouth, England, hoping to find a northwest passage to Asia by way of Behring Strait. After spending some time exploring the islands of the Southern Pacific, he set sail for the northern seas.

While making this voyage, he sighted the island of Oahu on January 18, 1778. Shortly after when Kauai and Niihau came into view, he concluded that he had discovered a group of islands hitherto unknown to the world. Anchoring off Kauai, he effected a landing at Waimea.

The coming of white strangers in great ships

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so much larger than their own canoes, produced intense excitement among the islanders. It seems that about this time they were expecting the return of their great god Lono or Orono. An old tradition said that this god, after killing his wife in the sudden fit of anger, grieved for her so intensely that he lost his reason and wandered from island to island finally sailing away in a curious triangular canoe, promising to return at some future time on "an island bearing cocoanut trees, swine and dogs."

The tall masts of Captain Cook's vessels suggested the idea of trees on a floating island; the people, therefore, concluded that Lono had at last returned, and when the great navigator came on shore they paid him the homage befitting a god, falling on their faces before him and bringing him gifts and offerings.

The sailors, who were regarded as the divine attendants of the great Lono, were also looked upon with wonder and admiration. Their lighted cigars and the pockets in their clothing filled the simple-minded islanders with astonishment. Surely, they thought, none but celestial beings could send such strange fire out of their mouths and be able to take all manner of things from a hole in their sides whenever they wished!

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After circumnavigating the islands, Captain Cook determined their position and placed them on his chart. Continuing his journey northward, he explored the coast of Alaska and the waters of the Arctic Ocean until the ice fields completely blocked his way. Toward the end of August, 1778, he started south for the winter, intending to renew his efforts the next year. On this voyage he discovered the island of Hawaii, the largest of the group, and cast anchor in Kealakekua Bay.

During his absence his fame had spread from island to island, so that here also he was received by the natives with great rejoicing. Fully 3,000 canoes surrounded his ships in the harbor, and when he came ashore 15,000 people crowded around him, prostrating themselves and crawling after him on their hands and knees.

Even the king of Hawaii himself came to welcome the divine Lono back to his rightful domain. Three royal canoes were launched in the harbor and moved in a procession around the ships, the priests chanting solemn hymns in which the word Lono frequently occurred. In the first canoe were the king and two chiefs, in the second, priests bearing hideous idols, and in the third, offerings of hogs and vegetables.

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Shortly after the royal party returned to the shore, Captain Cook followed them, and was received with great ceremony by the king, who placed a curious fan in his hand, a feather helmet on his head, and his own royal feather mantle on his shoulders—thus investing him with all the insignia of royalty.

In addition to this high honor, the king presented him with six beautiful feather cloaks, which it has been estimated, were worth not less than a million dollars. These garments, the badge of royalty in Hawaii, were made with great labor from the rare golden-yellow feathers of a little bird which had but two of them under its wings. In return for this priceless gift, the king received a white shirt and a cutlass!

Captain Cook did not at first understand that the people thought him a god and were paying him divine honors. When at last he understood the situation, he unfortunately did nothing to change it, but allowed the worship to continue, rather encouraging it, with the feeling that it insured the safety of himself and his crew. It was a fatal mistake that cost him his life.

Gradually there began to creep into the minds of the islanders grave doubts as to the divine origin of their visitors. The first rude shock to

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their faith was the death of one of the sailors which proved him to be mortal like themselves.

They were greatly dismayed, also, when the supposed Lono, needing wood for fuel and repairs, ordered his men to buy the fence enclosing their sacred temple, the posts of which were carved idols, offering in payment two iron hatchets. They indignantly refused to sell the sacred palings, but the sailors carried them off by force.

Then, too, the entertaining of so many "flesh-consuming demi-gods" was beginning to be a very serious matter. During the fortnight that the two ships had lain in the harbor, the expense of maintaining the crew had been borne entirely by the islanders, who brought large daily offerings of food. Supplies were not very plentiful in the islands, and there began to be fears of a famine.

To the great delight of the people, the ships at last made preparations for departing. The king, loyal to the last, sent on board a costly farewell offering of food and cloth. No return for all these supplies was made by the Englishmen, but a few rockets were fired off, which greatly terrified the natives, who thought they were flying devils.

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On Feb. 4, 1779, the vessels set sail. In a week, however, they were back again, having encountered a heavy storm in which the *Discovery* was badly disabled. The natives were dismayed, and when the sailors landed their boats and tools to make the necessary repairs, they were given a cool reception. Some of the tools were stolen and there was constant friction between the two parties.

Matters were speedily brought to a crisis. On the evening of February 13, a boat belonging to the *Discovery* was stolen, and the next day Captain Cook went ashore intending to return with the king and keep him on shipboard as a hostage until the boat was restored. The king seems to have been willing to go, but the people refused to allow him to submit to such an indignity. A sharp affray followed, in which Captain Cook was killed, being stabbed in the back by a chief.

There is no doubt whatever that the islanders greatly deplored his death. The native account of the unfortunate affair says that the chief had no intention of killing the captain, believing him to be immortal. When he seized him, however, he called for help and cried out in pain. Hearing this the chief exclaimed, "He groans! he is not a god," and at once took his life.

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Many of the natives still maintained that the great navigator was indeed their god Lono and his body was accorded the treatment given to that of a high chief. It was carried to a *heiau*, where the flesh was taken from the bones and burned.

After a time, with much difficulty, the natives were induced to return the remains to the ships and they were buried at sea. The ribs, breast-bone, lower jaw, and feet were missing, and it was afterward learned that they had been placed in a temple of Lono and worshipped as sacred relics. The hair was given to the great Kamehameha and the heart was eaten by three children, who thought it was that of a dog.

In 1822, after the arrival of the missionaries, an attempt was made to recover the missing bones, but they could not be found. It is said that when King Liho Liho went to London in 1824, he carried them with him, intending to give them to the captain's widow.

In 1874, a monument was erected to the memory of Captain Cook by the sailors of the British man-of-war, *Fantome*. It is a plain shaft standing on a plot of ground donated to the British government by Princess Likelike, and bears the following inscription:

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" In Memory
of the great circumnavigator
CAPTAIN JAMES COOK, R. N.,
Who
discovered these Islands
on the 18th day of January, A. D., 1778,
and who fell near this spot
on the 14th day of February, A. D., 1779.

This monument was erected
by some of
his fellow countrymen."

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III

The Hawaiians a Hundred Years Ago

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ALOHA KO NA MAUNA

(FROM GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS)

1. ALOHA ko na mauna
I paa mau i ka hau,
A me ko Aitiopa,
Ko Inia me Makao,
Na muliwai kahiko,
Na moku, na papu,
Kii mai kolaila pio,
I ola no lakou.

2. Pehea la ke hoole
Kakou i aoi*a* mai
I kanaka pouli,
Ia lama e ola'i?—
KE OLA! O KE OLA!
Hoolaha ae kakou,
I lohe *i* ka Mesia,
A *e* huli ko ke ao.

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III

THE HAWAIIANS A HUNDRED YEARS AGO

Less than a hundred years ago the Hawaiian Islands were peopled by a race of superstitious and degraded savages, living in rude grass huts with no ideas of civilization whatever.

Having no marriage rite, modesty and chastity were unknown among them. Not only was it customary for men to have more than one wife, but women were allowed to have many husbands. One old woman, who afterward became a Christian, actually claimed to have been the wife of forty husbands, several of them at the same time! It would be hard to conceive of a more depraved race of beings.

They wore little clothing and discarded that whenever it was more convenient to go without it. Nakedness caused no sense of shame, even among the women. While the first missionaries were on board the *Thaddeus* anchored in the harbor of Kailua Bay, King Liho Liho was invited to dine with them. One can imagine the shock to the refined senses of the New England

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gentlewomen when he arrived attired in a "narrow waist girdle, a green silk scarf thrown over his shoulders, a necklace of large beads, and a crown of scarlet feathers!"

A short time after, when the missionaries were settled in their own houses on shore, the king came again to visit them accompanied by his five wives, all without garments of any kind. It being hinted to him that he would be more welcome in a different style of dress, his majesty arrived next day in an elaborate costume consisting of silk stockings and a cocked hat!

Though cannibalism was almost unknown in the islands, infanticide was practiced by the Hawaiians to an extent truly appalling. Women murdered their own little ones simply because it was too much trouble to raise them, and great numbers were destroyed in the most brutal and heartless manner.

If a baby was fretful, it was not an uncommon thing for its mother to take up a mat, dig a hole in the mud floor of her hut, stuff the little one's mouth with a rag to stop its cries, *bury it alive*, and then sit down to eat her food close beside the little grave, perfectly unconcerned, glad to be rid of so troublesome a burden!

It has been estimated that fully one-third of

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the children perished in this way. Some mothers confessed to the missionaries that they had put to death as many as six or eight little ones with their own hands. One woman said: "I have had thirteen children and I have buried them all alive. Oh, that you had come sooner to teach me better!"

Owing to this terrible practice, together with fierce tribal wars, a poor quality of food, lack of proper care of the body and the intemperance and disease introduced by foreigners, the native population began to decrease at a rapid rate.

In 1778, Captain Cook estimated the population at 400,000, probably somewhat too high; in 1820 when the first missionaries arrived it had decreased to 150,000. It is said that at this rate in twenty years more the race would have become extinct and the islands uninhabited. The advent of the missionaries, however, and the consequent lessening of infanticide and murder, intemperance and vice, arrested the decay, and though the native population has continued to decrease until the present time, the decline has been slow and gradual.

Hogs were the largest animals found on the islands, and they were regarded by the people with great admiration and respect. Being also

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very acceptable to the gods, they were frequently offered as sacrifices.

Captain Cook and his crew being the first white men they had ever seen, the Hawaiians found it necessary to find a new name for them. In their great admiration, they bestowed upon them the choicest appellation in their language, calling them *hoalis*, white hogs! This name, which in the minds of the islanders carried with it no idea of disrespect whatever, proved eventually, by the conduct of the white men, to be a most appropriate title for them according to our American use of the word.

These animals, so repulsive to us, were the pets and playthings of the Hawaiian women. In many instances the unnatural mothers lavished upon them the tender care and affection denied to their children.

An amusing incident is told of a queen who had carefully reared a favorite hog. In after years when she had become a devout Christian, faithfully attending divine services, this creature which had grown to an enormous size, with great tusks, insisted on accompanying her to the church, taking his place beside her in the chapel, much to her inconvenience and annoyance.

The idolatry of the Hawaiians was of the

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lowest order. They believed that the whole earth, air and sky were inhabited by gods and demi-gods, who, on the sacrifice of a human being, condescended to take up their abode in hideous idols carved out of wood or stone by the natives themselves.

Human sacrifices, therefore, were frequently offered up when these idols were made, and also on great occasions such as the declaration of war, the serious illness or death of a chief, the dedication of a temple, the building of a new house for a chief, or the launching of a royal canoe.

Prominent among their idols were the national war gods, Keoroeva and Tairi. In order to insure victory they were always carried into battle by the priests who uttered frightful war cries to terrify the enemy. These hideous images were made of large blocks of wood, the head and neck being of wickerwork, covered with fine red feathers in such a way as to resemble the plumage of birds. Their eyes were of mother-of-pearl, and their great mouths, adorned with three rows of shark's teeth, stretched from ear to ear, and to their heads were fastened long tresses of human hair.

The poison god, Karai-pahoa, was especially

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reverenced by the great warrior king Kamehameha, who is said to have carried it about with him continually, even sleeping at night with it under his pillow. So poisonous was the wood from which it was made that several men died while carving it.

Witchcraft and sorcery were practiced extensively by the priests. If a man desired to take the life of his enemy, he could accomplish his evil purpose without open violence by employing a priest to "pray him to death." So superstitious were the people that the victim usually died from sheer terror.

The priests firmly believed in their own power to take life in this way. This was clearly shown by the following incident. One of them who had taken an intense dislike to a certain white man, sent him word that he intended to shut himself up in his hut and offer prayers and incantations until he died. The white man retaliated by retiring to a hut in the forest, saying that he, too, could pray and bewitch his enemies. Before long the priest pined away and actually died of fright.

Another way of causing the death of an enemy by sorcery was to obtain something belonging to him, a piece of clothing, a bit of wood, the par-

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ings of the nails, a lock of hair, or a little saliva from the mouth. By means of anything of this kind, demons could be sent to destroy the victim. So great was the fear of this on the part of kings and chiefs that faithful attendants and dutiful wives took turns in guarding their persons, even following them around with spit-boxes.

The curious superstition of *tabu* kept the people in bitter bondage, for they were in constant danger of breaking its minute and rigid laws. When anything was placed under *tabu*, the penalty for touching it was death,—a penalty that was strictly enforced, the people believing that if they failed to execute the sentence, the gods would take swift vengeance on them all.

It is interesting to note that our English word "tabooed" owes its origin to this peculiar custom, prevalent in many islands of the Pacific.

A chief was *tabu* and none dared to touch his food or clothing, enter his house, walk in his shadow, or appear upright in his presence.

A visitor to the Hawaiian Islands a few years ago said to Kamehameha V.: "Well, really now, don't you think things are in a worse condition than before the advent of the missionaries?"

"I leave you to judge," answered the king.

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"Since you have come into my presence you have broken the ancient law of *tabu* in three ways. You *walked* into my presence instead of crawling on your hands and knees; you crossed my shadow; you are even now *sitting* in my presence. In the old days any one of these things would have cost you your life."

It is scarcely necessary to add that the visitor was effectually silenced.

The choicest hunting grounds, the best fishing places, the most fertile lands were *tabu* to all except the priests and chiefs, who thus managed to reserve for their own use the best of everything the islands afforded.

Not only were persons, places and things thus set apart for sacred use, but from time to time the priests announced that the gods demanded a special season of *tabu*. These were gloomy times indeed. Messengers were hastily dispatched to announce the date and duration of the *tabu* period, and fire, light and all manner of work was prohibited. The people were not even allowed to bathe or to leave their houses, and no canoes might be launched.

During such seasons the most solemn silence was maintained. So strictly was this part of the *tabu* observed that dogs' mouths were tied shut

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QUEEN EMMA, CONSORT OF KAMEHAMEHA IV.

QUEEN LILIUOKALANI ON THE THRONE IN COURT COSTUME.

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for fear they would bark, and chickens were bound up in cloth or put under calabashes to prevent their cackling! The least noise angered the gods and rendered the *tabu* ineffectual.

But it was upon the women that the heaviest burdens of the *tabu* system fell. No matter how exalted her rank, no woman might enter her husband's eating-house or partake of food in his presence. Certain savory dishes such as turtle, pork and some kinds of fish were *tabu* to a woman, but not to a man, and such delicacies as cocoanuts and bananas were refused to her even though she were a chiefess and they grew on her own lands. Little girls were trained from infancy to regard *tabu'd* food as poison, and such indeed it was in effect, even tasting it being punished by death.

Visitors to the Hawaiian Islands at the present day find it hard to realize that the refined and cultured natives in Honolulu, clothed in elegant and fashionable attire, and living in comfortable homes, fitted with all modern conveniences, are the descendants of this race of savages, who, less than eighty years ago were ignorant, degraded, superstitious heathen.

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IV

The Fire Palaces of Pele

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Common Hwaiian Words

Akua—God, the Deity, or any supernatural being.

Pule—a prayer.

Kapu (tabu)—sacred, holy, forbidden.

Pono—good.

Lani—heaven.

La—the sun.

Hoku—a star or the young moon.

Mele—a song.

Kanaka—a common man.

Wahine—woman or wife.

Hale—house.

Ahi—fire.

Poi—food made from taro or potato.

Wai—fresh water.

Kai—salt water.

Kapa (tapa)—bark cloth.

Malo—a strip of tapa worn about the loins,

Pua—flower.

Puaa—hog.

Mauna—mountain.

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IV

THE FIRE PALACES OF PELE

KILAUEA, the famous volcano of Hawaii, is the largest active crater in existence. It lies 4,400 feet above the sea, in a level plain on the eastern slope of the snow-capped Mauna Loa, at the summit of which, 10,000 feet higher, is another great volcano, which, however, is not continuously active.

The crater of Kilauea is a vast pit from 800 to 1,100 feet deep and about eight miles in circumference, the longer diameter being nearly three miles. Within this pit is a great lake of molten lava, a seething caldron in which the fires never die out, most appropriately called Halemaumau, the House of Everlasting Burning.

A good idea of the form of this peculiar crater may be obtained by "digging a hole in the ground, roughly oval, say three yards by two, and a foot in depth, and then sinking in the middle of it a large flower pot until the rim is level with the bottom of the excavation."

Though Kilauea is incessantly active and the relentless fires of Halemaumau never cease, there

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is little danger except within the crater. But when great eruptions occur from the summit of Mauna Loa, the hot streams of melted lava flow down toward the sea, carrying death and destruction in their path and striking terror to the bravest hearts.

Though the wall of Kilauea is a steep precipice, it is possible to descend into the sunken pit by means of a rocky, zigzag pathway. Except in times of great eruptions it is perfectly safe to travel across the bed of the crater almost to the edge of the burning lake itself and watch the play of its eternal fires. Miss Gordon-Cumming says that this is "perhaps the only spot on earth where Dame Nature admits mortals to be actual eye-witnesses of her labors in her vast foundries and smelting-works."

Some faint conception of the awful grandeur of the sight and of the thoughts it awakens in the mind of one beholding it, may be gained from the words of Mrs. Isabella Bird Bishop, who thus describes her emotions when first standing on the brink of Halemaumau: "I think we all screamed, I know we all wept, but we were all speechless, for a new glory and terror had been added to the earth.

"It is the most unutterable of wonderful

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LAVA FLOW OVER A WATERFALL (ERUPTION OF MAUNA LOA, 1880–81).

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things. The words of common speech are quite useless. It is unimaginable, indescribable, a sight to remember forever, a sight which at once took possession of every faculty of sense and soul, removing one altogether out of the range of ordinary life.

"Here was the real 'bottomless pit'—the 'fire which is not quenched'—the 'place of hell'—the 'lake which burneth with fire and brimstone'—the 'everlasting burnings,'—the fiery sea whose waves are never weary. . . . I feel as if the terrors of Kilauea would haunt me all my life.

"Last night I thought the Southern Cross out of place; to-night it seems essential, as Calvary over against Sinai. For Halemaumau involuntarily typifies the necessity which shall consume all evil; and the constellation, pale against its lurid light, the great love and yearning of the Father, 'who spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all,' that, 'as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive.'"

In the minds of the superstitious islanders the volcano was peopled with innumerable gods and goddesses, supreme among them being Pele the goddess of fire, who dwelt in Halemaumau.

Surrounded by water and subject to earthquakes and volcanic eruptions, it is not surpris-

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ing to find gods of fire and water among the chief deities of the islanders. Hawaiian mythology is full of curious legends telling of the constant warfare between them.

One quaint old legend tells how Pele and her train came to take up their abode in the fire palaces of the famous crater. Kama-puaa, the water god, a huge monster, half hog, half man, desired to wed her. But as might be expected, the attentions of the water god were not pleasing to the fire goddess, who fled from island to island, pursued by her gigantic lover.

At last she took refuge in Halemaumau. Kama-puaa followed, pouring floods of water into the lake of fire. Pele's slaves, the fire-demons, immediately turned the water into steam and hurled upon the monster great showers of fire and stones, driving him back into the sea.

Delighted to have found so secure a stronghold, Pele decided to reside permanently in the crater, making the fire palaces of Halemaumau the headquarters from whence she sent forth thunder and lightnings, earthquakes and volcanic eruptions, thus venting her anger upon all who incurred her wrath.

The Hawaiian stood in the greatest awe of the

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cruel goddess, and much of their worship was directed to propitiate her. On a high rock near the crater wall was erected a *heiau* or sacred temple for her priests and priestesses, and votive offerings of a costly character were continually presented to her. These consisted chiefly of hogs, white chickens, fish, fruit and dogs. Human victims were also occasionally sacrificed when she demanded it.

At the first signs of a great eruption, large numbers of live hogs were thrown into the crater, in the hope of appeasing Pele's wrath. If, however, it was decided that burnt-offerings of hogs would be more effectual, they were made ready either by baking them in the hot earth near the crater or suspending them over great cracks in the ground from which hot steam was issuing—no burnt-offerings being acceptable to the goddess save those cooked in her own fires.

Propitiatory offerings were also thrown into the streams of lava that flowed over the surrounding country. In 1801 when a great eruption occurred in the volcano Hualalai, many live hogs were thrown into the stream. This proving unavailing, the great King Kamehameha cut from his sacred head a precious lock of hair, which he solemnly cast into the stream, the im-

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portant ceremony being witnessed by a large company of priests and chiefs. Tradition says that this had the desired effect and in a few days the eruption ceased.

Though the goddess Pele was the supreme deity of Kilauea, she was by no means the only one. Dwelling with her in her fire palaces were a great train of her relatives and slaves. Each of her six sisters and many brothers who had long and curious names, presided over some special phenomenon of nature. All were evil spirits, rejoicing in destruction, and taking swift vengeance on those who failed to render them implicit obedience. They controlled the earthquakes and volcanic eruptions not only in Kilauea, but in all the many craters throughout the islands.

In their kindlier moods these demons amused themselves by surf-riding in the lava waves of the lake of fire; by dancing to the music of the roaring furnaces and crackling flames; and by playing *konane,* the Hawaiian game of checkers. Whenever the fires of Kilauea were unusually active and her displays especially brilliant, the islanders whispered among themselves that Pele and her demons were holding high carnival and delighting in their fiery revels.

Many a traveller who has stood on the shores of

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Halemaumau, watching the strange forms that seem to leap up with wild shrieks, and then disappear again, has found it easy to imagine that he was witnessing the weird sport of fiery demons.

The worship of Pele had an especially strong hold upon the islanders. *Tabu* was observed in her domains even more strictly than elsewhere. The flame-colored *ohelo* berries, growing in great profusion on the sides of the mountain were sacred to the fire goddess on account of their brilliant hue.

Though watery and insipid to the taste, these berries were very refreshing to weary travellers. But no matter how he might be suffering from thirst, no Hawaiian dared to touch them without first offering some to Pele. Climbing to the edge of the crater, with his face toward Halemaumau, he threw in half the branch of berries he carried, saying as he did so: "Pele, here are your *ohelos*. I offer some to you; some I also eat."

Though the worship of the goddess has long since ceased to be a general custom in the islands, many things about the volcano are still associated with her and called by her name. Among these is the curious formation called "Pele's hair," which is found in large quantities in the crevices

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of the rocks, sometimes many miles from the crater.

When the fire fountains throw the lava to a great height, it falls in fine drops, like rain. The wind, catching these drops, draws them out into fine threads resembling coarse spun glass, olive green or yellowish brown in color. The fine, soft, silky threads, sometimes two and three feet in length, are used by birds in building their nests.

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V

Henry Obookiah

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NAUE, E NA KOA

(ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS)

1. NAUE, e na koa,
Naue Kaua e
Me ka hae o Iesu,
Kona kea nei,
Iesu no ka Luna
Nana *e* alakai,
Kau no kona bana,
Kau mau maluna 'e.

Chorus.—Naue, e na koa,
Koa o Iesu;
Nona no ke kaua,
Kona mana pu.

2. He puali mana
Na haipule nei.
Mana no ka pule,
Lanakila e.
Kaua kuikahi
Like ka manao.
Ole mokuahana.
Naue like no.

Chorus.—Kaua e na hoa,
I hee ae ka po,
Naue mau a kaua,
Lanakilo no.

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V

HENRY OBOOKIAH

GOD had a purpose of great mercy toward these beautiful islands and their degraded inhabitants and the first link in the long chain of consecrated workers He used in drawing them to Himself was a little dark-skinned heathen lad, who, one morning in the year 1809, was found by Edwin W. Dwight, sitting on the steps of Yale College crying because he had no one to teach him.

This lad was Henry Obookiah and his story was a very sad one. Born in Hawaii in 1792, he was at this time a dull, clumsy-looking boy of seventeen, his appearance giving no hint of the keen mind and wonderful possibilities that lay dormant within him.

Five years earlier, in a native war, his father and mother had been slain before his eyes, and when he tried to escape, carrying his baby brother on his back, the little one was run through by a spear and he himself was captured by the man who had murdered his parents.

Before long he made his escape and succeeded

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in reaching his uncle, a pagan priest who seems to have been kind to the homeless boy. Nevertheless his sorrow for his parents was keen and strong, and his sense of loneliness pitiful indeed. Referring to this sad time he said: "When I was at play with other children, after we had made an end of playing, they returned to their parents; but I was returned into tears, for I have no home, neither father nor mother. Poor boy am I."

At length a great desire to leave Hawaii took possession of him and he decided to seek a new country, hoping thus to forget his sorrow.

A kind-hearted ship captain to whom he told his story, agreed to take him to America, allowing him to work out his passage on board the ship. Arriving in the United States this good man took the boy to New Haven, placing him in his own home and showing him much kindness.

The wonderful sights in the new country filled the heathen lad with a burning desire to learn all the wisdom of the white man. Finding his way to Yale College, he wandered about the grounds, hoping in some way to gain admission to it. At last, sad and discouraged, a stranger in a stranger land, he sat down on the steps of one of the buildings and wept bitterly.

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Kind hearts were at once opened to the orphan boy who had such a keen desire for an education. Mr. Dwight, who was a student in the college, promised to teach him, making arrangements to hear him recite in his own room.

About this time Samuel J. Mills left Williams College where he had aroused an intense interest in foreign missions among his fellow students, and entered Yale College, hoping to create a similar interest there. Becoming acquainted with Mr. Dwight and being often in his room, he saw much of Obookiah, sometimes hearing him recite. The boy made astonishing progress in his studies and Mr. Mills became intensely interested in him.

One evening Obookiah came into Mr. Dwight's room with a gloomy face and disconsolately announced that he had no place to live, for the friends with whom he had made his home did not want him any longer.

Mr. Mills, who happened to be present, at once promised to take him to his own home in Torringford, Connecticut, which he did soon after, placing him under the care of his father, a Congregational minister.

Here Obookiah was given every advantage, receiving a liberal education, fine moral training

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and useful instruction in manual labor, especially in the art of farming. Making the best possible use of his opportunities, he became a diligent student and a capable workman, proving himself worthy of the efforts put forth in his behalf by his kind-hearted benefactors.

His spiritual instruction impressed him greatly with the power of the true God and the reality of the Christian faith; at the same time revealing to him the absurdity and sin of worshipping idols. Concerning the gods of his fathers he exclaimed: "Hawaii gods! They wood—burn. Me go home, put 'em in a fire, burn 'em up. They no *see,* no *hear,* no *anything.* We make them. Our God," looking up, "He make us."

Not without a struggle, however, did Obookiah give himself to God. "Sometimes when good people talked to me on this subject," he afterward confessed, "I was but just hate to hear it."

When at last he accepted Christ, he grew rapidly in grace and spiritual power. "I seeked for the Lord Jesus a long time," he says, "and found Him not. But still I do think I have found Him on my knees. Everything grows very clear to my own view. Oh, what happy hours that I had in the night season!"

In 1815 he was received into Mr. Mills' church

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at Torringford, and at once began to prepare himself to go as a missionary to his people. This was, however, no new desire. As early as 1811 when first, as he said, his "wicked heart began to see a little about divine things," he had offered the following prayer in the presence of a friend: "Great and eternal God, make heaven, make earth, make everything—have mercy on me, make me understand the Bible, make me good. Make me go back Hawaii, tell folks in Hawaii no more pray to stone god. Make some good man go with me, tell folks in Hawaii about heaven, about hell."

In 1816, a Foreign Mission School was opened in Cornwall, Connecticut, for the education of heathen boys who had come to America. Obookiah and several other Hawaii lads were among its first pupils. Friends of missions thought this was, perhaps, the best way to send the Gospel to the heathen.

The Rev. Mr. Dwight, Obookiah's early instructor, was the first teacher of the institution, and its pupils were of many different nationalities, including Chinese, Indians and Greeks, as well as the Hawaiians. This school was given up in 1826, owing to the fact that it was found better to train native helpers in their own lands.

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As the years went by, Obookiah was transformed from an awkward, dull-looking heathen boy into an earnest Christian gentleman, with a bright, intelligent face, and easy, graceful manners.

As he journeyed about in New England, addressing churches in behalf of his work, and collecting funds for the training school at Cornwall, people marvelled at the tall, manly young student, who had so recently lived in the darkness of heathenism.

Great and far-reaching were the results of the influences set in motion by this one earnest, consecrated life. Surely "this lonely little heathen child, blown by seemingly cruel and adverse winds, was tossed upon our Christian shores by the good hand of our God," for the accomplishment of His own great purposes.

The cause of missions was then in its infancy, and many, even among consecrated Christians, were inclined to doubt the possibility of converting the heathen and reclaiming them from their low estate. Obookiah, Christianized, educated, civilized, was so powerful a living argument for foreign missions that many changed their opinions and became strong advocates of the cause.

Biographers of Samuel J. Mills, the "Father of

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American Missions," who was largely instrumental in forming the American Board, do not hesitate to say that his association with Obookiah not only increased his own zeal, but greatly aided him in arousing the churches to a sense of their duty and privilege in the matter of giving the Gospel to the heathen.

It is said, too, that the late William E. Dodge, that princely giver who contributed such enormous sums to the Lord's work, received his first impulse in missionary giving from Obookiah's life.

When quite a little boy he heard of the heathen lad who wished to go as a missionary to his people, and proposed to his companions the planting of a missionary potato patch to help him along. Though the season was unfavorable, and their piece of ground mere swamp-land, they cultivated it so diligently that it yielded a fine crop which was sold and the proceeds sent to the young Hawaiian as they had planned.

But well-fitted as Obookiah seemed to carry the Gospel to his dear islands, God did not permit him to go back to Hawaii. In February, 1818, while still in the training school, he was stricken down with typhus fever and died after a short but severe illness. Hard as it was to give

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up his cherished plans, his submission to the will of God was most beautiful. "God will do right," he said. "It is no matter where we die. Let God do as He pleases."

The story of his consistent life and peaceful death was told far and wide, arousing great interest, and perhaps doing more for his people than he could have done by a long life of service among them.

Hiram Bingham, a student at Andover, at once volunteered to go in his stead and carry out his chosen plans, and Asa Thurston agreed to go with him. Others joined them, and on October 17, 1819, after a great farewell meeting in Park Street Church, a company of seventeen, including three young Hawaiians from the school at Cornwall, set sail from Boston on the brig *Thaddeus*.

Thus began the famous mission of the American Board to the Hawaiian Islands.

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VI

The Overthrow of Idolatry

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Ke Kahuhipa Maikai

(Saviour, Like a Shepherd Lead Us)

1. Iesu no ke Kahuhipa,
   Kahuhipa maikai e,
   Eia makou ka ohana,
   Ke hoolohe a hahai;—
   E aloha, e aloha,
   Alakai a hanai mai,
   E aloha, e aloha,
   Alakai a hanai mai.

2. Kai malie ia makou la
   Ma na kahawai maikai,
   Ma na kula uliuli
   Kahi malu *e* malu ai:—
   E aloha, e aloha,
   Kiai a hoomalu mai,
   E aloha, e aloha,
   Kiai a hoomalu mai.

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VI

THE OVERTHROW OF IDOLATRY

AFTER a long voyage of more than five months, the *Thaddeus* sighted the shores of Hawaii on March 31, 1820.

The native lads, eager and impatient, pushed off in a small boat before the ship cast anchor. In a short time they returned, exclaiming in the greatest excitement: "Kamehameha is dead! *Tabu* is abolished! Oahu's idols are no more!"

Incredible as it seemed, the news proved to be true. The Shepherd who had put forth His sheep had gone before them preparing the way.

Sceptical ones at home had declared it useless to attempt the overthrow of such deep-rooted idolatry as existed in Hawaii, and at the great farewell meeting in Boston, the departing missionaries had been admonished not to be discouraged if it was not accomplished in their lifetime.

Even the faith-filled missionaries themselves, as they journeyed toward the islands had asked, "Who will roll us away the stone?" And, behold! the stone was rolled away! No wonder

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that Hiram Bingham, as he preached on board the *Thaddeus* that first Sunday in Hawaiian waters, chose for his text those words of the prophet Isaiah: "The isles shall wait for His law."

A great revolution had taken place, both in civil and religious affairs.

In a long series of native wars, Kamehameha the Great, who in Captain Cook's day was merely chief over two districts in southern Hawaii, succeeded in conquering all the islands, uniting them under one government, with himself as king.

Having strengthened his position by marrying the great chiefess Keopuolani, a lineal descendant of the ancient kings of Hawaii and Maui, this "Napoleon of the Pacific" set about the consolidation of his island kingdom. Brave and invincible as a warrior, he proved himself equally noble and capable as a sovereign, ruling his people with great ability, making wise and humane laws for the putting down of crime.

Under his enlightened rule and peaceful reign, the people began to think for themselves. The many foreigners who arrived at the islands continually broke the *tabu*, violating its strictest laws with an utter disregard of consequences, and

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offering no sacrifices to the gods. Finding that no evil results followed this open defiance of long established religious rites, the islanders gradually began to lose faith in their gods, and when at last some of the more daring natives themselves broke *tabu* in secret, without being overtaken by some awful calamity, they concluded the white men were right—their idols had no power.

As long as King Kamehameha lived, however, the idols were faithfully worshipped and *tabu* strictly kept. In the last year of his reign, only a few months before his death, three men were executed for trivial violations of its laws; one for putting on the girdle of a chief, another for eating forbidden food, and a third for leaving one house under *tabu* and entering another. A woman, too, was put to death for entering her husband's eating-house, though she was intoxicated at the time, and scarcely responsible for her action.

On one of his visits to the islands, Captain Vancover attempted to instruct Kamehameha in the doctrines of the Christian faith, endeavoring to attract him to it by descriptions of the prosperity and grandeur of Christian nations, but without avail.

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It is said, too, that other foreigners attempted to convert the great king to Christianity, but he said to them: "Go, throw yourselves from the top of yonder precipice. If you reach the bottom unhurt by the fall, I will consider the matter." Being unwilling to risk such a trial of their faith, they gave up the attempt, and left him to his idolatry.

Toward the close of his life, however, Kamehameha began to think seriously about the great God of whom he had been told, and desired to be instructed in the true faith. But alas! it was too late. Among all the foreigners residing on the islands, not one could be found capable of pointing him to Christ or teaching him the way of salvation. He died, therefore, as he had lived, an idolater, praying to his red-feathered god Kukailimoku, and surrounded by priests bearing many idols.

Thus passed away the greatest of the Hawaiian kings. His statue in bronze stands at the entrance of the legislative halls in Honolulu, and he will ever be revered as a great and noble character.

After his death, which occurred on May 8, 1819, the high chiefs held a council to decide how best to show their grief, the first speaker sug-

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gesting that *they eat the body raw!* To this the chief widow replied, not in disapproval, but merely raising a question as to their rights in the case: "Perhaps it is not at our disposal. Its disposition rests with his successors."

It was finally decided to take the sacred body to the consecrated house for the last rites. The priests declared that the gods demanded a human sacrifice, but since Kamehameha had forbidden such sacrifices during his illness or at his obsequies, his wishes were respected and three hundred dogs were offered up instead!

At the close of these revolting ceremonials, the flesh was removed from the body, and the bones of the great king tied up in *tapa*, and so successfully hidden that they have never been found. In the mausoleum containing the caskets of all members of the Hawaiian royal family, there is one in which these bones are said to repose, but since they were discovered by divination, through the medium of an inspired hog, their authenticity is doubted.

In accordance with the provisions of the royal will, Kamehameha's son, Liho Liho, was proclaimed king, with Kaahumanu, his father's favorite wife as co-ruler. This noble woman, aided by Keopuolani, the young king's own

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mother, determined to abolish the *tabu* system, receiving encouragement from the wonderful accounts that began to reach Hawaii, of the downfall of idolatry in Tahiti.

The *tabu* system had long been displeasing to the women of the royal household, upon whom its restrictions fell with special force. At the time of Kamehameha's death several of them were in danger of losing their lives for having eaten fish, bananas and other forbidden foods.

During the coronation ceremonies of the young king, Kaahumanu struck the first blow at idolatry. After proclaiming Liho Liho king, with the title of Kamehameha II., she publicly exhorted him to abolish the *tabu*. On the same evening Keopuolani struck the second blow by deliberately eating with her younger son, thus violating one of the strictest laws of the system.

The young king, however, being unwilling to antagonize the priests, refused to break through such long-established customs. Nevertheless the two queens persevered in their purpose, Kaahumanu finally announcing her intention not only to break the laws of *tabu*, but also to renounce the idols and cease her worship of the gods.

Liho Liho at last yielded to their wishes, being

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brought to a decision by hearing of the part King Pomare and the chiefs of Tahiti had taken in the overthrow of idolatry in the Society Islands, and of the many benefits that had resulted from the change.

Finally, at a great feast to which the high chiefs and many women of noble birth were invited, the king formally broke *tabu* by sitting down to eat with the women, and ordering his attendants to serve them dainty food that had always been prohibited to them.

The islanders looked on in consternation, expecting some terrible calamity to ensue. When they found that the gods failed to avenge this open violation of their laws, they shouted in great excitement, "The *tabus* are abolished! The idols are a lie!"

Incredible as it seems, many of the priests applauded this action of the king, and urged him to go still farther in his reforms.

Hewa-Hewa, the powerful high priest of the war god, a man of great influence, openly counselled the complete overthrow of idolatry, declaring that "there is only one Great God in the heavens." When the king finally gave the order to burn the temples and destroy the idols, this man,—a heathen priest—applied the first torch.

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"For the first time in history idolatry threw down its own altars," and the nation was without a religion.

Civil war followed in which a brief stand for idolatry was made by a party of priests and people led by Kekuoakalani, a nephew of Kamehameha the Great, who had charge of the national worship.

After a decisive battle in which the priestly party was completely vanquished, the leader being killed together with his loyal wife who fought at his side, King Liho Liho issued a proclamation forever forbidding a return to idolatry in the islands.

These important events culminated in November, 1819, a few weeks after the mission party left Boston.

Obookiah's early prayer was answered, though not as he had himself planned. "Folks in Hawaii no longer pray to stone gods," and good men whom God had sent were already on their way to "tell folks in Hawaii about heaven, about hell."

So strictly was the law against idolatry enforced that the Queen Dowager Kaahumanu herself journeyed from island to island, destroying idols found hidden in caves and elsewhere by

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superstitious natives who still clung to the old faith.

Some years later when the first Roman Catholic missionaries attempted to settle on the islands they were banished for trying to introduce the worship of images.

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VII

The Missionaries at Work

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Hawaiian Proper Names

Many of the proper names have special meanings, some of them beautifully poetic. Thus Ka-meha-meha means "The lonely one"; Keopuo-lani, "The gathering of the clouds in the heavens" (Lani, wherever it occurs signifying heaven or sky); Ka-pio-lani, "The captive of heaven"; Kalani-nui-Liho-Liho (the full name of Liho Liho, who was also called Iolani), "The heavens great and dark"; Kaahumanu, "The feather mantle" (that is, *very precious*). Sometimes also special names were adopted late in life in commemoration of some important event. Thus on the death of her illustrious father, Kamehameha's daughter became Ka-meha-maru, "The shade of the lonely one."

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VII

THE MISSIONARIES AT WORK

BUT to return to the *Thaddeus* at anchor in Kailua Bay. For thirteen weary days the missionaries were kept on shipboard. The king positively refused to allow them to land.

Degraded foreigners on the islands, fearing that the presence of Christian missionaries would interfere with their evil practices and ungodly gains, endeavored to set the kings and chiefs against them by declaring that they had come to take forcible possession of the kingdom. To this the king wisely replied: "If they had come for war they would not have brought their women."

At length through the influence of the Queen Dowager Kaahumanu and the old high priest Hewa-Hewa, King Liho Liho reluctantly gave the missionaries permission to stay on his islands *one year,* provided they behaved themselves well!

Disembarking on April 12, 1820, they at once prepared for work. Formidable indeed seemed the undertaking. When the ladies of the party caught their first glimpse of the natives on ship-

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board, they exclaimed: "Can these be human beings? Are they not rather devils?" And some of them went below to hide their emotion.

So dismayed was the owner of a trading vessel, on hearing that these refined white women intended to live among such repulsive creatures, that he exclaimed: "These ladies cannot remain here. They will all return to the United States in less than a year," and forthwith ordered his vessels to give them free passage whenever they wished to go.

But these brave New England pioneers, like their Pilgrim ancestors, were made of sterner stuff. Notwithstanding their many trials, they remained at their posts, laboring with an indomitable courage and a heroic faith that knew no defeat.

Many indeed were the hardships they were called upon to endure. No sooner had they landed than their vessel set sail carrying with her the three years' provisions they had brought from Boston!

Living in rude native huts with only such furniture as could be made from boxes and barrels, their personal discomfort was great. They were obliged to depend largely on supplies sent from America, and these, by reason of the long voy-

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age around Cape Horn, were often badly damaged on the way. Flour sometimes reached them so hard that it was necessary to chop it with an axe before it could be used.

The loneliness and isolation, too, were hard to bear. Since the different families were stationed far apart and travelling was slow and difficult, they seldom saw each other. And home letters came only at long intervals after being many months on the way.

Added to these sore trials was the suspicion with which they were regarded by the king. Unfriendly foreigners still persisted in their efforts to poison his mind against them by relating frightful stories about the missionaries in the Society Islands—how they had robbed the people and made slaves of them. They also declared that the English king would no longer be friendly to Hawaii if American missionaries were allowed to remain on the islands.

But God was watching over His workers and caring for them. In 1822, just in time to prevent their being expelled, a ship arrived at Hawaii, having on board a party of English missionaries and two Society Island chiefs.

These missionaries assured the king that their sovereign was glad to know that American mis-

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sionaries were at work in Hawaii, and the two chiefs gave glowing accounts of what missionaries had done for their islands.

This providential occurrence silenced all criticism, and for a time opposition on the part of foreigners ceased, though it soon began again, continuing in one form or another throughout almost the entire history of the mission.

Notwithstanding these many obstacles, the labors of the missionaries were richly blessed from the very first. The natives were eager to learn the mysterious arts of reading and writing, but the king and chiefs insisted that they must be taught first. A school was therefore opened for the royal scholars.

At the end of four months the king was able to read fairly well and became not only willing, but anxious, to have his people taught also, even going so far as to issue a proclamation ordering every one in the kingdom to attend the mission schools.

Since the Hawaiian language is by no means difficult—there being only twelve letters and few of these having more than one sound,—rapid progress was made. At the end of six years, schools were open in every district of the kingdom with 400 teachers and 25,000 pupils.

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So fascinated were the people with their new accomplishments that they left their savage sports to devote their time to them. They were especially fond of reading. The missionaries were not slow to take advantage of this, but hastened to provide suitable literature translating Testaments, tracts and school books for their use.

Great crowds attended the meetings for religious instruction also, listening eagerly to the Word of God. The Rev. William Ellis of Tahiti, who spent some time in Hawaii assisting the missionaries in reducing the native language to writing, says: "The new revelations were received with much attention, with wonder, and often with delight. The greater part of the people seemed to regard the tidings of 'endless life by Jesus' as the most joyful news they had ever heard."

The first convert was Puaaiki, a disreputable blind dancer employed at court for the entertainment of the royal family. During a severe illness, he was found, suffering and neglected, by Honolii, one of the Hawaiian youths who had come with the missionaries from Boston, and told of the Great Physician who heals souls and bodies and gives sight to the blind.

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As soon as he was able to walk, Puaaiki hired a heathen lad to lead him to the meetings conducted by the missionaries. He listened eagerly to every word and soon professed his faith in Christ.

When next the chiefs sent for him to dance in their presence, he publicly refused, saying that he must henceforth live as a servant of the most high God. Many ridiculed, but some listened to his confession with intense interest. Among these were the queen, Kameha-maru and the queen-mother, Keopuolani, both of whom were eventually converted to the Christian faith partly through his influence.

Though Puaaiki gave every evidence of true conversion, he was kept on probation four years before being admitted to church fellowship. When at last he received baptism he took the name Bartimeus, feeling that Christ had indeed opened his eyes and brought him out of darkness into light. He subsequently rose to positions of great trust in the native church. In 1843, during the great revival he was ordained as an evangelist, being recognized as the most eloquent speaker in Hawaii.

Shortly after his conversion, Puaaiki accompanied Keopuolani to her home at Lahaina on

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Maui. Here she gave herself diligently to the study of English in order to read the Bible which had not yet been translated into the Hawaiian tongue.

In a few months she became very ill. Summoning her son, King Liho Liho, she pleaded with him to renounce his evil ways and charged him to give her a Christian burial in the event of her death. She also sent for the missionaries and urged them to allow her to receive baptism before she passed away.

Her wishes were complied with and the solemn rite administered. Thus it came to pass that this noble woman, the highest chiefess in the islands, the descendant of a long line of royal ancestors, wife of Kamehameha the Great, and mother of the two kings Kamehameha I. and II., became the first *baptized* convert, the first member of the native Hawaiian Church.

Many other members of the royal family, both chiefs and chiefesses, were among the early converts. King Liho Liho publicly declared himself in favor of Christianity, and his queen, Kamehamaru, became a devout and earnest Christian. She urged her subjects to worship the true God, and erected the first Christian school in Honolulu, taking a personal interest in its work.

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The first convert on the island of Oahu was the Queen Dowager Kaahumanu. Though it was largely through her counsels that the king had allowed the first missionaries to land, she held strangely aloof from them, treating them with cold contempt. After a long and severe illness she became more friendly, especially to Mr. Bingham, and finally yielded to the teachings of the Gospel.

She was a strong, powerful woman, noted for her pride and cruelty. After her conversion she became mild and gentle—completely changed in character. As she journeyed about from island to island, establishing schools and exhorting her subjects to give up their evil ways and accept Christ, the people marvelled greatly. So unlike their haughty, imperious queen was she, that they called her Kaahumanu-ho-u, "the new Kaahumanu."

Though fifty years of age and weighted down with the cares of government, she determined to learn to read and write. Two years later she took her place among her subjects at a school examination to stimulate their progress in education.

At her death in 1832, one of the missionaries, voicing the feeling of the entire corps, spoke thus

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concerning her: "The mission has lost in her a mother, a judicious counsellor, and a firm supporter; but heaven has received a soul cleansed by the blood of Christ from the foulest stains of heathenism, infanticide and abominable pollution."

It is impossible to estimate the influence for good exerted by these noble converts of royal blood, the highest rulers of the nation, who unhesitatingly used their despotic power to advance the cause of Christ.

There was in it, however, an element of danger. Such was the obedience of the people to their chiefs that when they were ordered to attend worship, listen to the Gospel, accept Christ and reform their lives, they obeyed unquestioningly. This was likely to result in an outward appearance of godliness where it was lacking in the heart.

The missionaries were, therefore, extremely cautious about admitting converts to church fellowship. This accounts, in part, for the fact that though the congregations were large, the roll of church members was small. In 1825 there were only ten baptized Christians in all the islands, and in 1832 there were but 577.

In 1824 King Liho Liho and his queen, ac-

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companied by several high chiefs, visited England. They were treated with great courtesy, receiving the honors and attention due their rank, but unfortunately, soon after their arrival in London, the king and queen were stricken down with measles and died within a week of each other.

The English government, endeavoring to pay due respect to the royal dead, sent their remains back to Hawaii on H. M. S. *Blonde,* under the command of Lord Byron, a cousin of the poet.

Bitter indeed was the grief of the people when the ship arrived at the islands, but, true to the teachings of their dead queen, they did not relapse into the heathen rites and ceremonies customary on such occasions. A fourteen days' period of mourning was appointed instead, during which the churches were thronged with worshippers and the nation humbled itself before God.

There were many encouraging signs to gladden the hearts of the faithful missionaries. Great audiences gathered to hear the Word of God, listening eagerly to the truth. The congregation at Kawaihae frequently numbered 10,000, and the church at Kailua, seating 5,000, was filled to overflowing on Sabbath mornings. Many of the

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people came long distances by water, mooring their canoes along the beach during service.

The converts were true and faithful Christians. The Sabbath was devoutly kept, its simple requirements seeming very mild after their strict seasons of *tabu*, and in many families prayer was regularly offered both morning and evening. In Lahaina alone fifty homes were found where family worship was a regular institution.

Society began to be established on a better basis. Religious marriage ceremonies were performed, and laws were enacted for putting down murder and theft, infanticide and immorality, national sins that were sapping the life of the Hawaiian people.

One of the greatest hindrances to progress was drunkenness. The kings and chiefs were addicted to the use of liquor and whole villages were frequently found under its influence. To remedy this a great temperance society was organized in Honolulu and more than a thousand persons pledged themselves not to sell or distill ardent spirits of any kind, and not to drink liquor themselves, nor to offer it to their workmen and friends. In addition to this a petition signed by three thousand people was presented to the king, urging him to prohibit the making and selling of

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intoxicants in the islands. The request was granted and an effort made to enforce the laws in regard to it.

All attempts at reform, however, were bitterly opposed by foreigners who persisted in flooding the islands with liquor, regardless of the wishes of rulers and people. Those who refused to drink were ridiculed and tempted in every possible way. It is said that certain foreigners, among them a British consul, even went so far as to invite reformed drunkards to their homes and give them liquor disguised in strong coffee, when their downfall could be accomplished in no other way.

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VIII

The Story of Kapiolani

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Bana O Daniela

(Daniel's Band)

"Dare to be a Daniel."

1. Mele, e na hoa e
No ka Bana lai,
Bana *o* Daniela nei,
Ka Bana Inuwai.

Chorus.—Aa me Daniela,
Aa e kupaa e;
Paio no ka Bana nei,
Bana Inuwai.

2. Ala, ala, e na lii,
Me na luna e,
Hui me ka Bana nei,
Ka Bana Inuwai.—*Cho.*

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VIII

THE STORY OF KAPIOLANI

THE most famous of all Hawaiian converts was the high chiefess Kapiolani, the descendant of a long line of kings and ruler in her own right of a large district in southern Hawaii.

Notwithstanding her royal lineage and exalted rank, she was an ignorant, superstitious savage. According to Hawaiian custom she had several husbands and was addicted to the use of liquor. The first time the missionaries saw her, she was sitting on a rock anointing herself with native oil.

When the Gospel message touched her heart, she at once set about reforming her life. She gave up her intemperate habits and dismissed all her husbands except Naihe, the powerful nation orator, who promised to assist her in promoting the new religion. So ladylike in deportment and so lovable in disposition did she become, that she won the respect and admiration of natives and foreigners alike.

With great cordiality she welcomed the mis-

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sionaries into her own home and planned with them for the uplifting of her people. In her determination to root out superstition and idolatry, she went to the sacred temple of Keave and carried away the idols, hiding them in inaccessible rocky caves near the head of the bay.

Going about among her people she taught them the Word of God, entering into the meanest hovels of the poor and sick to point them to Christ and relieve their physical wants by generous gifts of *kapas*, food and mats. The burden of lost souls weighed heavily upon her. Frequently in the night she awakened her women, asking them to unite with her in prayer for the conversion of the king.

But there was one great act of Kapiolani's life that rendered her famous above all the other converts of her race—she defied the fire gods of Kilauea and broke their despotic power. This brave and courageous deed placed her name forever in the list of the world's great heroines and won for her a glowing tribute from Thomas Carlyle, who tells the story in his "Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell."

Though idolatry had been overthrown and *tabu* abolished in Hawaii, many of the natives still believed in Pele and dared not violate her *tabus*.

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Especially was this true in the district over which Kapiolani ruled. Her subjects, living in close proximity to the volcano, were continually under the spell of its awful fires. Then, too, they had rarely witnessed the open violation of *tabu* by foreigners, a sight familiar to natives in other parts of the islands. Since the murder of Captain Cook, which occurred in this region, few strangers visited it, fearing to share his tragic fate.

In December, 1824, Kapiolani resolved to free her people from the thralldom of this superstition and break the power of the fire goddess by defying her in her own domains.

Her plan was to visit the missionaries at Hilo where a mission station had recently been opened, taking the track across the mountain on which the crater is situated—a difficult and dangerous journey of one hundred miles across rough lava beds. Since there were at that time neither horses nor mules in Hawaii, she was obliged to travel the entire distance on foot.

Her people were dismayed and gathered from far and near to plead with her to give up so dangerous an exploit. Even her husband Naihe sought to dissuade her. But strong in faith, believing that her Heavenly Father would protect

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her, she said to them: "The *tabus* are abolished. There is but one Great God; He will keep me from harm." When her people found that she could not be induced to abandon the project, eighty of them decided to go with her.

As they journeyed toward the volcano, Kapiolani was stopped again and again, by men and women along the way who implored her to return home and not risk Pele's anger. With heroic faith she kept bravely on, simply answering: "If I am destroyed you may all believe in Pele; but if I am not, then you must all turn to the true God."

Near the crater they were met by a priestess of Pele who claimed authority from the goddess herself. She warned Kapiolani not to enter the sacred precincts of the volcano with unbelief and opposition in her heart, threatening her with the penalty of death if she persisted in doing so.

Nothing daunted by this terrible prediction, Kapiolani sat down beside the poor deluded creature and talked with her. Taking out her Testament, she taught her of the one true God in the heavens. At last the priestess hung her head, declaring that the goddess had forsaken her and she could say no more.

Growing along the mountain path were the

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LAVA BEDS IN THE CRATER OF KILAUEA, SHOWING CRATER-WALL IN THE BACKGROUND.

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ohelo berries sacred to Pele, which no Hawaiian dared eat without the permission of the goddess. Determined to break every *tabu,* Kapiolani ate freely of them without making the customary offering, but her followers dared not do so.

Arriving at the crater, she led the way down the steep, rocky path, across the hot lava beds, the ground trembling under her feet, and steam issuing from every crevice, to the edge of Halemaumau. Into the great lake of fire she deliberately hurled stone after stone, knowing that nothing could be more disrespectful and displeasing to the goddess.

Only those who have watched the awful fires of Kilauea, and "who know with what awful terrors pagan deities are clothed in the common mind, and with what tenacity these superstitions continue to hold even professed converts, can imagine what holy courage and faith must have been begotten in this Hawaiian heroine."

Turning to her terrified people she said: "Jehovah is my God. He kindled these fires. I fear not Pele. Should I perish by her anger, then you may all fear her power; but if Jehovah save me in breaking her *tabus,* then you must fear and serve Jehovah. The gods of Hawaii are vain. Great is the goodness of Jehovah in

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sending missionaries to turn us from these vanities to the living God."

The whole company then knelt, prayer was offered, and the crater rang with the music of a Christian hymn. Above the roaring and crackling of the flames could it be heard, echoing and reëchoing to the praise of Jehovah. Thus were the fire palaces of Pele consecrated as a temple of the living God.

Returning as they came, across the bed of the crater, we can imagine the terror of the people. No doubt they fully expected the thin crust to give away beneath their feet, precipitating them into the fires below; or to be overtaken by showers of lava and stones, hurled upon them from behind. But the cruel fire-goddess failed to avenge herself; they therefore reached the edge of the crater in safety and continued their peaceful journey to Hilo.

It was a brave and heroic deed that has been likened to that of Elijah on Mt. Carmel, challenging the priests of Baal, and to Boniface in Germany cutting down the sacred oak of Thor. But Kapiolani displayed a faith more heroic and a courage more indomitable than either of these. They had never been under the power of the gods they destroyed, while less than four years

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previous, she had not even heard of Jehovah in whom she now trusted to save her when defying the gods she had worshipped since childhood.

Then too, Elijah stood on the peaceful slopes of Mt. Carmel, and Boniface on the quiet plain of Upper Hesse, while she stood in the presence of real danger, before those awful fires that strike terror to the stoutest hearts.

Arriving in Hilo, with feet swollen from the long, hard journey, and mind and body utterly weary from exciting experiences, Kapiolani refused to rest until she had secured lodgings for her entire company and gathered them together for evening worship.

While in Hilo she rendered valuable assistance to the missionaries, going about among the people giving words of Christian counsel or reproof to all with whom she came in contact. Her benign influence was felt long after her return to her own home.

Her beautiful and fruitful life was ended on May 5, 1841, when she passed away fully trusting in the Saviour she had served so long and faithfully. She was deeply mourned, not only by her own people, but by the missionaries who realized that they had lost a valued friend and helper.

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At her funeral her pastor said: "This nation has lost one of its brightest ornaments. She was the most decided Christian, the most civilized in her manners, and the most thoroughly read in the Bible of all the chiefs this nation ever had; and it is saying no more than truth to assert that her equal in these respects is not left in the nation."

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IX

The Roman Catholic Mission

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The Lord's Prayer

E ko mako Makua i-loko o ka Lani, e hoanoia Kou Inoa E hiki mai Kou auhuni e malamaia Kou Makemake ma ka-nei honua e like me ia i malamaia ma ka Lani e haawi mai i a makau i ai no keia la e kala mai i ko makou lawehalaana me makou e kala nei i ka poe i lawehala mai i a makou mai alakai i a makou i ka hoowalewaleia mai ata a hookapele i a makou mai ka ino no ka mea Nou ke Aupuni a me ka Mana a me ka hoonaniia a mau loa 'ku. Amene.

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IX

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC MISSION

SEVEN years after the establishment of the Protestant Mission in the Hawaiian Islands, the Roman Catholics made an attempt to introduce their religion also.

In 1827 a French ship arrived at Honolulu, having on board two priests,—one a French Jesuit, the other an Irish assistant—and four laymen. They brought with them a full supply of images, crucifixes and other ornaments necessary to the services of their church.

Contrary to Hawaiian law, which forbade the entrance of foreigners into the islands without permission of the king, the French captain at once landed his passengers. The governor promptly informed him that he could not leave them without securing the necessary permit, but, paying no attention to this, he sailed away and left the priests in an awkward dilemma.

The chiefs treated the strangers kindly, but were emphatic in their refusal to allow them to remain. They said that one religion was enough in so small a country, and, since the Protestant

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missionaries were already established in the favor of the people, they wished them to continue their work, unhampered by the presence of teachers of an opposing faith. They frankly admitted that if the Romanists had come first they would probably have been permitted to stay and the Protestants have been refused admission.

The Romanists could not at once comply with the wishes of the chiefs, and leave the islands, for there was no means of transportation at hand. Under these circumstances, they were allowed to erect a small temporary chapel for their own use. The few Roman Catholic foreigners residing in Hawaii also attended the services, glad of the opportunity to worship according to their own faith.

By and by, several natives, having a natural curiosity to witness the ceremonies of the new religion, went into the chapel during service. Great was their astonishment and dismay to find the strangers actually engaged in worshipping images!

This discovery was promptly reported to the chiefs, who, accompanied by the young king, Kamehameha III., proceeded to investigate the matter for themselves. After attending a service in the chapel they concluded that the Roman

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Catholic religion was almost identical with their old idolatrous worship.

Declaring that "this new religion is all about worshipping images, dead men's bones, and *tabus* on meat," they pronounced it a direct violation of the law prohibiting idolatry, and ordered it stopped at once.

Notwithstanding this, the priests quietly went ahead with their work, and at length some of the natives who still clung to the old faith and liked this new one because it seemed near of kin to it, boldly declared themselves in favor of the Romanists. This greatly incensed the chiefs, and the would-be converts were imprisoned and sentenced to hard labor.

The American missionaries, with their inborn love of religious freedom, felt obliged to remonstrate against this, saying that the offenders had in reality, broken no law. The Queen Regent Kaahumanu promptly replied that the edict against idolatry had been in force in Hawaii since 1819. She also reminded them that the Ten Commandments, one of which forbids the bowing down to graven images, had been adopted as the foundation of the Hawaiian government. These persons had, therefore, broken the law, and must suffer the penalty.

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Though greatly dismayed by the advent of the Roman Catholics, the Protestant missionaries had, from the very first, treated them with great courtesy, lending them grammars, dictionaries and various translations to assist them in acquiring the language. Now, however, the priests, charging them with causing the opposition of the chiefs, became very bitter against them. In this they were joined by a party of unfriendly foreigners, and the faction thus formed became openly hostile to the government as well.

Realizing the danger that threatened them, the chiefs notified the priests that they must leave Hawaii within the next three months. This order was utterly ignored; the government, therefore, finding it impossible to get rid of them in any other way, chartered a brig at an expense of one thousand dollars, and sent them to California.

A year later, another Irish priest arrived at the islands, and a few months after, he was joined by the exiled priests who came back from California. They were at once ordered to leave Hawaii, but the British consul interfered, insisting that the two Irish priests should remain. The chiefs refused to allow them to do so, and once more prepared to send them away at public

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expense, but as the vessel was about to leave Honolulu, an English man-of-war and a French frigate arrived in the harbor.

At the request of the British consul, the priests were brought on shore again, escorted by a party of marines. Eventually, however, the king was permitted to send them away, since it was decided that he had a right to settle the question as to who should reside in his dominions.

In 1839 a third attempt was made. The French government sent the frigate *Artemise* under the command of Captain Laplace, to Hawaii, to demand the admission of the priests, the toleration of the Roman Catholic religion throughout the islands, and the gift of a building site for a Catholic church in Honolulu. The captain threatened to bombard the city unless these conditions were complied with in five days' time!

The Hawaiians were terrified and decided that it was useless to think of offering resistance. The necessary papers were therefore signed, and Captain Laplace went on shore accompanied by two hundred armed sailors and celebrated mass. Thus at last, by force of arms, the Romanists obtained a permanent footing in Hawaii.

Not long after a bishop was sent out to take charge of the mission, with many priests and

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nuns to assist him. Through the financial aid of the Catholics in France, a cathedral was erected at Honolulu, and stone churches were built at many points in the islands. Gradually the new religion was established throughout the kingdom, winning a number of adherents, but it never gained the wide-spread popularity of the Protestant faith.

The presence of this discordant element proved a great hindrance to the work of American missionaries, who found themselves constantly opposed by the priests and their followers. Eventually, however, much of this hostile spirit passed away, and it is said that in recent years, Catholics and Protestants have worked together side by side with less friction than anywhere else in the world.

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X

The Great Awakening

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E Pili I Ou La Au

(Nearer, My God, to Thee)

1. E pili i ou la wau
E kuu Iesu,
Ina kue mai ia'u
Ko keia ao,
Kuu mele oia mau,
‖: E pili i ou la wau,
E kuu Iesu. :‖

2. A hele aku au
A luhi no,
A uhi mai ka po
Maluna o'u,
Kuu mele oia mau,
‖: E pili i ou la wau,
E kuu Iesu. :‖

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X

THE GREAT AWAKENING

ONE of the most remarkable revivals in the history of Christianity occurred in the Hawaiian Islands from 1837 to 1843. In the records of the mission it is known as the "Great Awakening."

It began in the hearts of the missionaries themselves. Each year it was their custom to gather with one accord and in one place for united prayer and discussion of the affairs of the mission. These annual assemblies were accomplished with much difficulty owing to the poor facilities for travelling. A trip from Hilo to Honolulu, a distance of six hundred miles frequently involved six weeks of weary travel in a filthy little boat, crowded with natives, pigs and dogs. But such seasons of fellowship were so helpful to the lonely, isolated missionaries that they were willing to endure any hardships rather than be absent from them.

As they assembled thus in the years 1835 and 1836, they were powerfully moved to pray, not only for their own field, but for the conversion of the whole world. They were so deeply im-

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pressed with the need of an outpouring of the Holy Spirit that they prepared a strong appeal to the churches of the United States urging Christians everywhere to unite with them in prayer for a baptism from on high.

Returning to their homes in 1836, some of them under sore bereavement, they labored with renewed earnestness and zeal. Almost immediately they began to discover unmistakable signs of deepening interest in spiritual things. God was answering their prayers and honoring their faith.

In 1837 the revival spirit swept like an electric current over the islands, and in 1838 word came from all parts of the kingdom that great meetings were in progress.

The people came in crowds asking what they must do to be saved. Dull and stupid ones in whom it had been impossible to arouse the slightest interest, showed the deepest concern for their salvation, and hardened old heathen for whom the missionaries had labored for years, professed their faith in Christ.

The missionaries labored incessantly from morning till night and often far into the night, scarcely taking time to eat and sleep. Their houses were thronged almost every hour of the

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day, with anxious inquirers seeking to be taught the way of life.

The congregations were large and attentive. So eager were the people to hear the Word of God that they travelled long distances—in some cases from fifty to sixty miles—to attend the Sabbath services, arriving on Saturday and remaining until Monday.

The church buildings, large as they were, could not accommodate the crowds and great open air meetings were held. These, too, were thronged with worshippers. So great was the appetite for spiritual things that the missionaries were obliged to preach from twenty to thirty times a week. The people gave themselves up to prayer and praise, renouncing their cherished sins and leading new lives in Christ Jesus.

The blind and lame were led to the meetings, and in many cases the sick and aged were carried on the backs of friends in order that they too, might share the privileges of the Gospel. Very touching was it to see these people, who but a few years before had shown such cruelty and inhumanity in the treatment of the unfortunate, thus tenderly ministering to their spiritual needs.

On the islands of Hawaii, Oahu and Maui, where the deepest interest was manifested, the

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congregations averaged from 2,000 to 6,000 souls.

At Lahaina on Maui, one of the oldest stations, the women held special prayer-meetings among themselves, and the Holy Spirit was poured out in an especial measure on the children. Moved by the strange impulse, they stopped their noisy play to gather in the sugar cane and banana groves where they were found on their knees in prayer.

On the island of Molokai, now set apart by the Hawaii government for the use of lepers, the first signs of the Great Awakening were seen in the voluntary gathering of the people for prayer. The resident missionary was deeply moved to find them one morning, at early dawn, assembled of their own accord to plead for an outpouring of the Holy Spirit.

On May 10, 1839, the translation of the entire Bible was completed and copies distributed among the people who rejoiced greatly to possess the Scriptures in their own tongue. The result was an increased study of the Word, which materially assisted in the work of evangelization.

The remarkable revival continued in full force until 1843, and its effects are still felt in the

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islands. During the six years of its greatest power, about 27,000 converts were admitted to church fellowship, out of a population of 130,000, and during the forty years following the number added to the churches averaged one thousand a year.

Converts were received only after a long probation in order to thoroughly test their purpose. The utmost caution was used, each candidate for baptism being given a careful examination under the personal supervision of the missionaries.

In this great company of converts, most of whom had been, only a few years before, repulsive savages worshipping idols, it could hardly be expected that all would prove faithful to their vows. The number of backsliders, however, was extremely small. In the Hilo district, where the largest ingathering occurred, it was found, after a long and thorough testing, that but one convert in sixty proved amenable to discipline, and that, too, in churches with the strictest New England standards of discipleship.

Nor was it in their own islands alone that the Hawaiian Christians witnessed a good profession in Christ Jesus. Many of them went to California to seek fortunes in the gold mines and it was said of them there that "among the toughs

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of all nations they were noted as men who would not drink and gamble or profane the Sabbath."

It must not, however, be inferred that these converts were perfect Christians with no besetting sins. That could not be expected when converts in Christian lands who have inherited the influence of many centuries of Christianity, fall so far short of the ideal standard. But they were earnest, simple-minded disciples of the Master, holding fast to their faith in God.

The missionaries maintained a most watchful and loving supervision over them. When they fell into sin, they were urged to repent and confess their fault before the congregation.

The following incident, related by Rev. H. T. Cheever, who visited the islands not long after the Great Awakening, will give some idea of the strict discipline maintained, and the extreme conscientiousness of the church members.

In describing a communion service this gentleman says: "In the afternoon was the sacrament. Kaipuholo, our host, had previously come to ask Mr. Bond (the missionary in charge) if his wife might come to the communion. He said that the evening before, after the preparatory lecture, she had quarrelled with her neighbors about her goats getting into their inclosure. As we

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entered the church the man with whom she had quarrelled was confessing his sin before the whole congregation and professing his repentance. His wife followed, and with great dignity and self-possession, confessed the same.

"But Kaipuholo's wife remained silent. At the communion when it was asked if any had been omitted in the distribution, she arose to confess her sin, and when the elements were passed to her, she partook with considerable hesitation. The whole incident evinced a conscientiousness and sense of propriety the more pleasing as it was entirely self-moved."

Though the early converts were earnest Christians, many very amusing things happened among them, owing to the fact that they advanced in Christianity more rapidly than in the manners and customs of civilized life. The missionaries frequently found it difficult to preserve their gravity under circumstances that were ludicrous in the extreme.

One afternoon a wedding occurred in the church at Kohala. Half a dozen couples came to be married at the same time. They presented themselves in a long line before the missionary, but when their names were called and their hands joined, one of the brides was found to be miss-

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ing. In answer to the missionary's question as to what had become of her, the bridegroom said, without the slightest embarrassment: "O, she's at the door putting on her dress!" She had probably carried her costume for miles under her arm. In a few minutes she appeared, and the ceremony proceeded in due form.

It took some time for the natives to grow accustomed to the wearing of stiff shoes. In order to rest their tired feet they frequently took them off and carried them while travelling, putting them on again at the door of the church or school, or the house of a missionary.

They had an especial fondness for squeaking shoes, thinking it added to their elegance. The louder the noise a pair of shoes made, the more they were willing to pay for them. A missionary, who had a foreign shoemaker in his congregation, tells of a native who came to leave an order with him for a pair of shoes, saying that he wanted them made "with a squeak!" The missionary, curious to hear what he would say, asked how much squeak he desired—a half or a quarter dollar's worth? The man replied that he wanted the largest squeak that could be made, even if it cost a dollar!

According to Hawaiian ideas of etiquette, it was

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the woman's privilege to make a proposal of marriage. One fine-looking young native, who was asked why he had not married, frankly replied that "none of the girls had asked him yet!"

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XI

Titus Coan and the Pentecost at Hilo

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Kei Kuu Hoa, Kuu Iesu La

(What a Friend We Have in Jesus)

1. Kei kuu Hoa, kuu Iesu la,
   Nana *i* kai kuu mau luuluu,
   A hoolohe i ka 'u pule,
   Lohe a kokua pu.
   Hoomanao na hoa laia,
   E hai ae i na luuluu,
   I na eha, na kaumaha,
   Lohe I*a* a hoopau no.

2. Ina he mau pilikia,
   Mau hoao, a mau onou,
   Mai pauaho, e hai aku,
   I kuu Hoa, kuu Iesu,
   Hoa aloha, pili mau ia,
   Nana i ka poe uwe,
   Lohe no ke pule aku,
   Lohe no a hoona mai.

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XI

TITUS COAN AND THE PENTECOST AT HILO

THOUGH the power of the great revival was felt throughout the entire Hawaiian group, even to the remotest island, at no place was there so pentecostal an outpouring of the Holy Spirit as at Hilo on the eastern coast of Hawaii.

In 1835 the Rev. Titus Coan, who is, perhaps, the best known of all the Hawaiian missionaries, arrived from America with his wife. They were at once assigned to Hilo to assist Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Lyman, who had been in charge of the station there for several years.

The two missionaries being allowed to divide the work as seemed best to them, Mr. Lyman took entire charge of the schools and Mr. Coan became pastor of the little church of twenty-three members with a parish extending a hundred miles along the coast.

Scattered widely over this large district were fully 15,000 people living in small villages, which could be reached only by difficult and dangerous journeys across rough lava beds, up and down

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steep mountain paths, through deep valleys overgrown with tropical vegetation, and over streams and rivers, often so swollen by heavy rains as to be almost impassable.

The famous crater of Kilauea lies within this territory, about thirty miles from Hilo. Notwithstanding his busy life, Titus Coan took an intense interest in the volcano, keeping accurate records of its eruptions that have been invaluable to scientists. On account of his constant watchfulness of its undying fires, he has earned the title of "High Priest of the Volcano."

The great missionary was eminently fitted for the arduous task before him. His strong constitution enabled him to endure great physical exertion, and he had been inured to hardship by a short term of extremely difficult missionary service in Patagonia.

Moreover he had enjoyed exceptive advantages in the way of spiritual preparation for his work, having been associated with the great evangelists Finney and Nettleton, the latter being an own cousin on his mother's side.

Titus Coan undertook the first tour among the natives of his parish during the latter part of his first half year at Hilo. A few months later, in 1836, he had become so familiar with the language

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that he could preach acceptably and talk and pray freely with the natives. Henceforth he undertook at least four tours each year. Travelling often in the pouring rain, he frequently preached in wet garments. At night he usually slept in the woods. The natives loved him so well that his belongings were secure from their meddling, even his watch being safe when he left it hanging on the branch of a tree while he slept!

From the very first he found signs of deep interest in spiritual things. Starting out on November 29, 1836, he found the people crowding around him everywhere along his route, eager to hear the Word. "Many listened with tears," he says, "and after the preaching, when I supposed they would return to their homes and give me rest, they remained and crowded around me so earnestly, that I had no time to eat, and in places where I spent my nights, they filled the house to its entire capacity, leaving scores outside who could not enter. All wanted to hear more of the Word of Life.

"At ten or eleven o'clock I would advise them to go home and to sleep. Some would retire, but more would remain till midnight. At cock-crowing the house would again be crowded, with as many more outside.

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"At one place there were four villages not more than half a mile apart. Every village begged for a sermon. Commencing at daybreak I preached in three of them before breakfast at ten A. M. When the meeting closed at one village, most of the people ran on to the next, and thus my congregation increased rapidly from hour to hour."

Not content with these occasional visits from the missionary, the people flocked to Hilo. Whole families and entire villages arrived in a body and encamped around the little town, building grass huts for temporary homes. So great a number came that the population of Hilo increased from 1,000 to 10,000 in a very short time.

For two whole years while the people remained, a great camp meeting was held. Titus Coan had a difficult task before him. It was not an easy matter to keep the great crowds in order and supply their physical wants as well as satisfy their spiritual hunger. But he proved himself fully equal to the emergency.

The men were put to work fishing along the shore, cultivating gardens and planting potatoes and taro to supply the necessary food. The women and children were cared for by Mrs.

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NATIVE GRASS HUT.

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Coan and Mrs. Lyman, who taught them habits of neatness and cleanliness, and instructed them in such useful domestic arts as sewing and cooking, making dresses and braiding neat little straw hats.

In 1837 the windows of heaven were opened, and such a blessing poured out that there was, literally, not room enough to receive it. The great church at Hilo was too small to hold the crowds, and the natives, of their own accord, built a second one. Still there was not room, though the closest economy was used in seating the people.

Mr. Coan tells how every available inch of space was used. "Skilled men," he says, "arranged the people standing in rows as tight as it was possible to crowd them, men and women being separated; when the house was thus filled the word was given them to *sit down* (on the ground, there being no seats) which they did, a mass of living humanity such perhaps as was never seen except in Hawaii. . . . The sea of faces, all hushed except when sighs or sobs burst out here and there, was a scene to melt the heart."

The Word of God was full of power, and thousands were converted, among them the High

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Priest of the volcano, a monster of iniquity, and his sister, the haughty High Priestess of Pele, who had also lived a life of excessive wickedness. Both became earnest and faithful members of the church.

Strange things happened in the revival meetings, though the missionaries endeavored to keep the people from undue excitement. Inquirers sometimes trembled violently and fell to the ground. One young man came to the services simply for amusement. When he tried to make those around him laugh during prayer, he suddenly dropped down insensible. When he revived, his heart was completely changed, and he begged to be forgiven for his sin.

During a series of outdoor meetings, attended by a great concourse of people, when Mr. Coan was preaching on "Repentance toward God, and faith in the Lord Jesus," a poor sinner cried out, "What shall I do to be saved?" The audience was so powerfully moved that they began to weep and cry to God for mercy. This continued for about twenty minutes, during which the missionary was obliged to wait, being unable to make himself heard. When at last they became quiet he explained to them that such tears and cryings could not save them, and

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urged them to show their godly sorrow by changing their way of living.

Mr. Coan's brother missionaries in other districts were greatly concerned for fear he was creating false excitement and encouraging such peculiar manifestations of interest. They urged him to put it down. "But how can I put it down?" he replied. "I didn't get it up! And I don't believe the devil would set men to praying, confessing and breaking off their sins by righteousness."

Signs of true repentance were not wanting among them. Murderers confessed their guilt and thieves brought back what they had stolen. The lazy and indolent became industrious. Drunkards gave up their liquor and thousands who used tobacco (an intoxicant in Hawaii) burned their pipes or broke them on the rocks, and, pulling up their tobacco plants, threw them into the sea.

The first company of 1,705 converts were received into church fellowship on the first Sabbath in July, 1838. None were admitted without careful examination, and most of them had been on probation many months to test the sincerity of their purpose.

On this memorable Sabbath, ever after looked

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upon as the day of days in Hilo church, the candidates for baptism were seated in long rows. Mr. Coan and Mr. Lyman walked among them with basins of water, sprinkling each individual. Then, standing in the midst, Titus Coan, as pastor of the church, uttered the solemn words: "I baptize you into the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen." It was a tender and solemn scene. All heads were bowed and there was no noise save quiet sobs.

With the exception of a similar scene at Ongole, in India, just forty years later, on the first Sabbath of July, 1878, when Dr. Clough baptized 2,222 Telegu converts, "probably no such sight has been witnessed since the day of Pentecost."

After the baptism, the whole company present, numbering 2,400 souls sat down at the table of the Lord. "It seemed," said Titus Coan, "like one of the crowds gathered by the Saviour, and over which He pronounced the words of healing. It was a company in which were numbered the old and decrepit, the lame and the blind, the withered, the paralytic,—those who through their own sins or the sins of their fathers, were afflicted with divers diseases and torments; the depraved and loathsome came hobbling upon

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their staves, led or carried by their friends, and sat down at the table of the Lord.

"Among them were to be seen the hoary priest of idolatry, with hands but recently, as it were, washed from the blood of human victims, together with the thief, the adulterer, the sorcerer, the robber, the murderer, and the mother,—no! the monster!—whose hands have reeked with the blood of her own children. These all met before the cross of Christ, with their enmity slain and themselves washed, and sanctified, and justified in the name of the Lord Jesus and by the Spirit of our God."

This great ingathering was but the first-fruits. During the five years ending June, 1841, 7,557 converts were received at Hilo, and Titus Coan became pastor of the largest church in the world.

During these busy years the tours among the people of the district outside of Hilo were not given up. Though so many families had removed to the preaching stations, others were unable to leave home by reason of illness or other infirmity. It was very affecting to see the blind led to the path along which the missionary was expected; and the sick and aged carried by friends and laid on a rock or under some tree by

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the roadside in order that they might hear of the loving Saviour who came to release them from their sin.

In order that every soul in the district might hear the Word of Life, Mr. Coan selected the most hopeful of the Hilo church members, and sent them, two and two, into every village, no matter how remote, to seek the outcast and neglected. The result was many conversions, some of them in such out-of-the-way places, that no water could be obtained for baptism, save that which dripped, drop by drop, from the roofs of caves.

The pastoral care that Titus Coan gave his large and widely scattered flock was wonderful indeed. Not only did he watch over those in Hilo and its immediate vicinity, but he kept an affectionate supervision over all who removed to other parts of the islands. As a result of this, the great majority of the converts remained singularly faithful to their vows, but one in sixty proving amenable to discipline.

Though extremely poor, they were most cheerful givers, unwilling to come to any service empty-handed. Mr. Coan says: "Among their humble gifts, you will see one bring a bunch of hemp, another a piece of wood for fuel, a mat, a

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tappa, a *malo* (*i. e.*, a narrow strip of bark cloth), a little salt, a fish, a fowl, a *taro*, a potato, a cabbage, a little arrowroot, a few ears of corn, a few eggs. The old and feeble, and children who have nothing else to give, gather grass wherewith to cover and enrich the soil. Each gives according to his ability, and shuns to approach empty-handed."

Later when metal coins were introduced, some were able to contribute money also. The women had a beautiful and effective way of training their little ones to give. The mother put a bright coin into her baby's hand and held it over the contribution box. If the tiny fingers held on to the shining piece, she gently shook it till it fell, with a merry ring, into the box below.

At the close of the revival, after the people returned to their homes, the great congregation was divided, and in due time fifteen places of worship were established in the principal villages, the neat little white churches being built entirely by the natives themselves.

Titus Coan passed away in 1882, after forty-seven years of distinguishd service at Hilo. In 1870, he had already received nearly 13,000 members into his church, the largest number of any minister of his generation. Though his earthly

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career is ended, his influence is still felt in the islands, and through the many native pastors and missionaries that he trained and sent out on their holy mission, "he being dead yet speaketh."

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XII

Church Building in the Hawaiian Islands

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Hele I Ke Kula

(Christmas Song)

1. O, O, O! he bele no,
Kani ka bele a o, o, o;
Hoolohe a ku, a lelele pu,
Mai hele lolohi, e awiwi no.

Cho.—Ha, ha, ha! e oli pu la,
Ua pau ka maha, hoi e kula;
E papana 'ku no i o.
I ka halekula *i* naauao.

2. Nou, nou, nou! makani no,
Luli, ke hele, io io;
E ku kanalua anei kakou,
E ku olioli a hoholo pu.—*Cho.*

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XII

CHURCH BUILDING IN THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS

CHURCH building in the Hawaiian Islands was a serious undertaking, attended with difficulties quite unknown in the United States. Visitors to the islands seeing the many neat and commodious houses of worship, little guessed at what cost they had been erected.

The buildings were of two kinds—native houses of timber thatched with grass and reeds, and imposing foreign structures of stone or coral. In either case the collecting of materials involved great labor, but the people undertook it willingly and joyously, accepting it as a way to show love to God and appreciation of the missionaries.

If the church was to be of wood, all the men who had axes went to the mountains and cut down the finest trees in the forests for timber. Then began the task of transporting the heavy logs to the building site. In these primitive days there were neither horses, oxen nor wagons in the islands; the hauling, therefore, was done by the natives themselves. Even if there had been beasts of burden, it is doubtful whether they

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could have been used, for the way led over rocks and streams, across rough lava beds, through tropical jungles and up and down steep mountain paths.

When the timbers were ready hundreds of willing men and women started to the forests, usually very early in the morning. Separating into companies, each selected a log—some being so heavy that it required from forty to sixty persons to move them,—and harnessed themselves to it with stout ropes made from the bark of the hibiscus. Shouting merrily and chanting wild, monotonous choruses, they dragged it down the mountain side, seldom reaching home before nightfall.

In their absence, the children and those women who were not strong enough for such heavy toil, collected grass and reeds for thatching the roof, plaited ropes and strings of fibre, and wove mats for the floor.

The missionaries occasionally accompanied the people on these journeys to the mountains, and assisted at the ropes, giving encouragement by their presence and example. One of them has given this little hint of the hardships endured on the way. He says: "By the time we reached the place where the timbers were we had already

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performed quite a fatiguing morning's journey, besides being benumbed with cold and thoroughly wet with dew on the fern and other undergrowth through which we had to make our way."

When a stone church was undertaken, the labor involved was greater still. Each block had to be prepared and carried long distances. If, however, there were the ruins of an old heathen temple near by, the material in it was utilized and the labor was greatly lessened.

Lime could only be obtained by burning coral, which was procured by diving from ten to twenty feet into the ocean. The diver first descended and broke off a large block, then ascended to take breath. Descending a second time he fastened a rope to the broken piece and, ascending again, hoisted it into his canoe.

The coral thus obtained was taken to the shore, piled up in great heaps and burned, the wood for the purpose having been previously brought from the mountains several miles distant on the backs of the people.

When the lime was ready it had to be taken from the shore to the building site, together with the necessary sand and water. This part of the work was usually undertaken by the women who

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carried great quantities of these materials, a little at a time, in their bark aprons and in gourds or calabashes on their shoulders. For the church at Kealakekua about 700 barrels each, of lime, sand and water, were carried by the women in this way.

When at last all the materials were on the ground, workmen were employed to erect the building, their wages being paid by the church members. Thus the comfortable Hawaiian houses of worship were built without cost to the Mission Board, being a free-will offering of the natives, the fruit of their own industry and self-denial.

All members of the church contributed to the work, each according to his ability. Silver and gold had they none, especially in the early days, but such things as they had they gave freely to the Lord for the building of His temples. The offerings were largely of labor or produce. Some paid their contributions in hogs, others in fish, potatoes, fowls or goats.

It must not be forgotten that these islanders, who gave so liberally, were miserably poor. Rev. Mr. Armstrong said of his congregation: "The common people are distressingly poor. There is not one man, woman or child in ten,

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throughout my church that would not be regarded as a fit subject for a poorhouse and an object of charity in Massachusetts."

And the Rev. Mr. Forbes wrote shortly after his church was built: "You can have but a faint idea of what this effort cost us—the building of this church. You must keep in mind that there are not forty families in the church whose wardrobe and household furniture, taking it together, would amount to more than twenty dollars."

The two finest church edifices on the islands were at Hilo and Honolulu. The great stone church at the latter place was dedicated in 1842. It was built of immense blocks of coral with great labor, at an estimated cost of $30,000, and was looked upon as a great triumph of architectural skill.

The church at Hilo was a large and substantial frame building, dedicated on April 8, 1859. It was erected at a cost of $13,000 in money, besides the gratuitous labor of the people, and took the place of the old church, which having been in use since 1841, was so old and dilapidated that it fell during a heavy rain storm.

Titus Coan's account of the dedication of this church is very beautiful. He says: "On the day of the dedication, there was a debt on the house

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of some $600, and it was our hope and purpose to cancel the debt on that day. But the day was stormy, the paths muddy, and the rivers were without bridges. Things looked dark, but we were happily surprised to see the people flocking in from all points until the house was crowded to its utmost capacity.

"Prayers and a song of praise were offered, but we had resolved, by the help of God, not to dedicate the house, until the debt was paid to the last farthing. So the people came forward with their offerings, which amounted to over $800. When the result was announced, a shout of joy went up to heaven. The debt was paid, the house dedicated, $200 were left in the treasury, and the people went home rejoicing and praising the Lord. . . .

"It was very affecting to see the old and decrepit, the poor widow, and the droves of little children come forward with their gifts which they had been collecting and saving for months, and offering them with such cheerful gladness to the Lord."

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XIII

The Hawaiian Society of Foreign Missions

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The Lord's Prayer in the Gilbert Island Language

Tamara are i karawa, e na tabuaki aram. E na roko ueam: E na tauaki am taeka i aon te aba n ai aron tauana i karawa. Ko na aṅanira karara ae ti a tau iai n te boṅ aei. Ao ko na kabara ara buakaka mairoura n ai arora ṅkai ti kabara te buakaka mairouia akana ioawa nako ira. Ao tai kairira nakon te kaririaki, ma ko na kamaiuira man te buakaka; ba ambai te uea, ao te maka, ao te neboaki, n aki toki. Amene.

The Lord's Prayer in the Marshall Island Language

Jememuij i l*on*, en kwojarjar et*o*m. En itok am ail*i*n. Jen k*o*m*o*nm*o*n ankil am i l*o*l enw*o*t dri l*on*. Ranin, letok *n*on kim kijim ranin: Im jolok amnij jerawiwi, enwot kimuij jolok an armij jerawiwi jen kim. Im jab tellok *n*on mon, ak drebij kim jen nana. Bwe am ail*i*n, im kajur, im wijtak in drio. Amen.

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XIII

THE HAWAIIAN SOCIETY OF FOREIGN MISSIONS

THE history of missions in the Hawaiian Islands would be incomplete without some account of the work of the Hawaiian Society of Foreign Missions, which was organized at Honolulu in 1850, just thirty years after the *Thaddeus* brought the first missionaries to the islands.

As the converts became more and more firmly established in the Christian faith, a strong missionary spirit took possession of them. They felt a keen sense of their obligation to do for others what the American Christians had done for them.

The missionaries encouraged this spirit knowing full well that "religion is a commodity of which the more we export, the more we have remaining." They realized that the best thing the Hawaiian churches could do *for themselves* would be to engage actively in sending the Gospel to others.

The selection of a suitable field of labor for these children in the Christian faith was an important question. It seemed quite impossible to

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send them to India or China, those strongholds of heathenism where the languages were difficult, and the problems connected with missionary enterprise by far too many and perplexing for such inexperienced workers.

After due deliberation the American Board settled the difficulty by undertaking a new mission to the savages of the Micronesian Islands, the work to be carried on by the Hawaiians under the supervision of American missionaries. The Board reasoned wisely that the Hawaiian teachers could labor to the best advantage in the neighboring islands of the Pacific, where the languages and customs of the natives were somewhat akin to their own.

When the pioneer missionaries for the new work arrived at Honolulu from Boston in 1852, *en route* for Micronesia, they found the Hawaiian Society of Foreign Missions prepared to coöperate with them in the undertaking, being ready to furnish both men and money.

On July 15, 1852, after an impressive farewell service in Honolulu, a party consisting of three American missionaries, Messrs. Snow, Sturgis and Gulick with their wives, and two Hawaiian missionaries, Opunui and Kaaikaia with their wives, set sail for the Caroline Islands.

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They carried with them a letter of greeting from King Kamehameha III. to all the great chiefs of the islands in the Pacific west of Hawaii. In it he urged them to receive the missionaries kindly, and advised them to renounce their idols and worship the true God.

Rev. E. W. Clark of Hawaii and Rev. James Kekela, the native pastor of a church on Oahu, went with the pioneers to assist in starting the mission, after which they were to return to their work in Hawaii.

On August 21, the missionaries reached Kusaie, one of the Caroline Islands. Going ashore they presented King Kamehameha's letter of greeting to the high chief, "good King George," whom they found attired in a faded flannel shirt! When he understood that they had come, not to steal his island kingdom, but to teach his people to worship the true God, he was greatly pleased and agreed to protect them from all harm, a promise he faithfully kept as long as he lived.

On Ponape, the largest island of the group, they were received kindly also, and the king decided that "it would be good for them to stop." The mission party, therefore, separated into two companies, Mr. Snow and Opunui settling on

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Kusaie, and Dr. Gulick, Mr. Sturgis and Kaaikaia beginning work on Ponape.

On Kusaie the work prospered from the beginning, but in Ponape the first years were filled with untold trials and discouragements. Nevertheless the missionaries "held on steadily till the day broke," and at last the blessing came in fullness and power.

From these beginnings the work spread rapidly. Reinforcements of both American and Hawaiian missionaries were sent out from time to time, and the work was pushed to the west throughout the Caroline Islands and to the east in the Gilbert and Marshall groups. Though all this was accomplished with many hardships and much suffering, the rewards were great and the results gratifying. Much of the success was acknowledged to be due to the faithful and efficient work of the Hawaiian teachers, and to the noble example of their godly lives.

Less than a year after the departure of the pioneer missionaries to the Caroline Islands, a direct call for missionaries came to the Hawaiian Christians from the savages of the Marquesas Islands who were noted for being the most ferocious and blood-thirsty cannibals found any where in the Pacific.

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Many attempts had been made, both by English and American missionaries and native Christians from the Society Islands, to live among these people and give them the Gospel, but each company of workers had been glad to escape with their lives. The work was so dangerous and so barren of results, that in 1841 it was abandoned as a hopeless task.

Many years after the last missionaries had been driven out, a young Hawaiian trained in the mission schools, was left sick on one of these islands. Soon after he married the daughter of Matunui, a Marquesas chief, to whom he told the story of the Gospel and what it had done for his people. Matunui became so much interested that he decided to go to Hawaii, and see for himself the changes that had been wrought by the missionaries.

Accordingly in 1853, he arrived at the islands accompanied by his son-in-law, having come more than 1,000 miles in a whale-ship. He at once began to plead for teachers for his people, saying: "We have nothing but war, war, war, and fear and trouble and poverty. We are tired of living so and wish to be as you are here."

This appeal aroused great enthusiasm in

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Hawaii. Though they knew full well the character of the Marquesas people, and just how difficult and dangerous the field was, they responded promptly to the call. Two native pastors, Rev. James Kekela, who had returned from Micronesia, and Rev. Samuel Kauwealoha, and two deacons, Lot Kuaihelani and Isaia Kaiwi, with their wives, volunteered to return at once with Matunui and teach his people the way of life.

On June 16, 1853, after a tender farewell service in the church, the brave little band set sail from Honolulu. They were accompanied by Mr. Bicknell, an English mechanic who volunteered to assist them in their work, and by an American missionary who was to help them establish the mission and then return to Hawaii.

They reached their destination on August 26. At first the entire band of workers settled at Omoa on the island of Fatuiva, but later, when reinforcements arrived from Hawaii, and the missionaries became more strongly entrenched in the good will of the natives, they separated, and established stations on all the principal islands save one.

In 1856 a vessel was chartered at Hawaii, and Dr. Lowell Smith was sent to visit the mis-

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sionaries. They were in sore need of supplies and the vessel arrived just in time to relieve their distress.

Dr. Smith reported thus to the Hawaiian Society: "I found our friends all in their usual health, cheerful and happy in their work; but they had been obliged, for several months, to look a little too much on the 'shady side.'

"Brother Bicknell had sold his hand-saws, plane-irons, chisels, hatchets and adze, and one or two razors in exchange for food. And the native missionaries had parted with most of their knives and forks and spoons for the same purpose. They said they would soon have been obliged to part with their clothes if their supplies had not come to hand."

Though the missionaries won the respect and confidence of the natives, they endured many hardships and their lives were often in danger. The results of their work, too, were small and discouraging.

Their perseverance was truly heroic. Rev. Samuel Kauwealoha, after building himself a good house with great labor, saw it torn down during a fierce quarrel between the cannibals, while he and his wife had to fly for their lives. Going to another island, they again began work,

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but the sand flies were so intolerable that they were once more obliged to remove. This time they settled at Aneau, and opened a seminary for Marquesan girls which became the "brightest gleam of light in the islands."

Some years later, when it was proposed to abandon the mission on account of the small results and the great cost of maintaining it, this man, who had endured so many trials, wrote to Hawaii: "Whether you abandon the mission or not, I shall remain; and if my salary is stopped, I can work if need be, with as little clothing as my fathers wore in their barbarous state." Mrs. Kauwealoha remained in the Marquesas Islands forty years, without once returning to her native land.

Though the Marquesas mission was not so successful as that to Micronesia, it was by no means fruitless. Schools were opened and the people taught to read. Churches were built and many converts added to the rolls, while those natives who came under the influence of the missionaries began to be tamer and a little less ferocious than those who did not. Whatever has been accomplished must be attributed entirely to the faithful efforts of the Hawaiian teachers, for they are the only missionaries who have ever suc-

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ceeded in living and working among these savages. Their work has not been in vain. Even the few poor souls they "dug out of the dark caverns of heathenism are worth millions of such corruptible things as silver and gold."

The greatest hindrance to successful work in these missions to the distant islands of Micronesia and the Marquesas Archipelago, was the lack of a ship to carry mail and provisions to the workers. The early missionaries were obliged to depend on passing vessels and whale-ships, which were so irregular as to be of little use.

It has already been seen how much suffering this caused the Marquesas missionaries, and those at other stations fared little better. At Ponape and Kusaie in the Caroline Islands, so many months elapsed before the first mail arrived, that Mr. Snow's mother had actually been dead two years when he at last received the sad news. At another station where food was scarce and the variety limited, a missionary came near starving to death. When a vessel at last arrived with the needed supplies, he was so weak that he had to be carried on shipboard and carefully nursed back to health.

Realizing the absolute necessity for a vessel belonging exclusively to the mission, Titus Coan

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conceived the idea of asking the children of America to build it, letting them contribute the money in ten cent shares, receiving in return certificates of joint ownership in the vessel.

The plan met with the hearty approval, not only of Mr. Coan's fellow missionaries in Hawaii, but also of the American Board in Boston. It immediately became so popular that in an incredibly short time, the money was raised, and the "children's ship," under the care of Rev. Hiram Bingham, Jr., son of the first missionary to the Hawaiian Islands, was on its way to the waters of the Pacific.

On April 24, 1857, after a long voyage around Cape Horn, the beautiful *Morning Star*, so named at the request of the missionaries, reached Honolulu, where she was greeted with great enthusiasm.

Her first trip among the islands was to the Marquesas group, where it was feared the missionaries were suffering for supplies. On her return, early in July, she stopped at Hilo, remaining in the harbor two days before going to Honolulu to prepare for her long voyage to Micronesia. The people of Hilo gave her a joyous welcome and the little city was in holiday attire. The children of Hawaii as well as the children of

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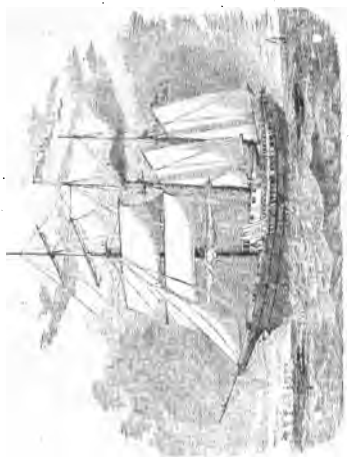

American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.

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* THE CHILDREN'S MORNING STAR MISSION *

FOR THE YEAR

1898.

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1 SOMERSET STREET, BOSTON.

Attest, John Clark Hill.

TO BE SIGNED BY PASTOR, SUPERINTENDENT, OR TEACHER.

FACSIMILE OF CERTIFICATE OF STOCK IN MORNING STAR NO. 4.

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America had contributed largely to her cost, and "felt their importance as joint owners of the beautiful packet." When they were allowed to go on board and examine everything about the ship, their delight was unbounded.

Before leaving Hilo, the vessel was well stocked with fruit and vegetables, fish, fowls and other provisions, the gifts of the people, both old and young.

The story of this *Morning Star* and her three successors, is very beautiful and full of interest. *Morning Star No. 4* still plies the waters of the Pacific, making yearly trips to Honolulu and San Francisco, carrying supplies and mail and missionaries to the distant stations.

Eight months of each year are spent in touring among the islands. By her help missionaries are enabled to visit the different stations, examining applicants for church membership, establishing schools, organizing churches, preaching the Gospel, and encouraging the native workers.

The native Hawaiian Church, with her many missionaries in the Marquesas and Micronesian Islands, has surely earned her right to rank among the missionary churches of the world. The people have given liberally for their foreign work, both of men and money. Thirty per cent.

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of the native pastors became missionaries on other islands, and the interest was wide-spread throughout the kingdom, every district contributing annually to the Hawaiian Society for Foreign Missions.

The church at Hilo alone sent out twelve of her members as missionaries and contributed more than $100,000 for the kingdom of God. The monthly concert of prayer for missions was regularly held, and the collections taken averaged $100 a month.

The missionary sentiment of the people was well expressed by the old native missionary Kauwealoha, who rendered such heroic service in the Marquesas Islands. At a great meeting attended by a vast concourse of people, he held up the Bible in the Hawaiian tongue and said: "Not with powder and ball, swords and cannon, but by this living Word of God, and His Spirit, do we go forth to conquer the islands for Christ!"

In 1863 when the American Board decided to withdraw from the islands, the Hawaiian Society of Foreign Missions, organized in 1850, was reorganized, becoming the Hawaiian Evangelical Association, and assuming the care of the native churches in addition to the home and foreign mission work.

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Society of Foreign Missions

The thirty-fifth annual report of this association (for 1898) shows its work to be in good condition and progressing favorably. Its activities are divided as follows: Church Work among the Natives; School Work among the Natives; Work among the Chinese; Work among the Japanese; Work among the Portuguese; Work in English; and The Foreign Department, which includes, as formerly, missions to the Marquesas, Caroline, Gilbert and Marshall Islands.

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XIV

The Rescue of Lieutenant Whalon by Rev. James Kekela

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JOHN 3. 16 IN THE HAWAIIAN LANGUAGE

No ka mea, ua aloha nui mai ke Akua i ko ke ao nei, nolaila, ua haawi mai oia i kana Keiki hiwahiwa, i ole e make ka mea manaoio ia aka, e loaa ia ia ke ola mau loa.

JOHN 3. 16 IN THE MARQUESAS LANGUAGE

Ua kaoha nui mai te Atua i to te aomaama nei, noeia, ua tuu mai oia i taia Tama fanuatahi, ia mate koe te enata i haatia ia ia, atia ia koaa ia ia ti pohoe mau ana 'tu.

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XIV

THE RESCUE OF LIEUTENANT WHALON BY REV. JAMES KEKELA

THE most prominent of all the native Hawaiian missionaries was Rev. James Kekela, who for his bravery in rescuing Lieutenant Whalon, an American officer, from being killed and eaten by Marquesan cannibals, was liberally rewarded by Abraham Lincoln, president of the United States at the time of the occurrence.

Kekela was in many respects a remarkable man. It will be remembered that while pastor of a church on the island of Oahu, he was asked to accompany the pioneer missionaries to Micronesia and assist them in starting the new mission. Shortly before leaving Hawaii for this purpose, he delivered a powerful address which reveals something of the spirit of the man.

"I am a native of these islands," he said. "My parents were idolaters, and I was born in times of darkness. A short time ago our people were heathen; they worshipped a great variety of gods; they were engaged in war; they were

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addicted to stealing and robbery. Man and wife did not live together and eat together as now; they took no care of their children.

"But a great light has arisen over us. The Bible has driven away our darkness, overturned our heathenish customs, and caused a great improvement in our condition. . . .

"What is more reasonable than that we Hawaiians should extend to other natives in this ocean the blessings of the Gospel? Those tribes are now what we were a short time ago,—degraded, wretched idolaters. Shall we not have pity on them, as the people of God in the United States have had pity on us?"

Shortly after Kekela's return from Micronesia, the call for missionaries came from the Marquesas Islands. Resigning his pastorate on Oahu, he and his faithful wife Naomi offered themselves for the new work. For many years they labored at Paumau in a beautiful valley on the island of Hivaoa.

Near their home was an immense *heiau*, or sacred place, where most revolting heathen rites and ceremonies took place. It consisted of a series of walled terraces built of great stones, surmounted by a paved platform on which cannibal feasts and dances were held. On the terraces

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were huge idols, the largest of which was the figure of a man cut from solid stone, measuring nine feet in height and three and a half in diameter.

It was at Paumau, in 1864, that the brave, true-hearted missionary, at the risk of his own life, saved Lieutenant Whalon of the United States whale-ship *Congress* from an awful death.

A short time before, the sailors of a Peruvian vessel had stolen a number of Marquesan youths from Hivaoa, carrying them away to be sold as slaves. Among them was the son of a chief, who in his rage and grief over the loss of his boy, made a solemn vow that he would kill and eat the first white man caught on the island.

He had not long to wait for an opportunity of carrying out his awful threat, for the *Congress* stopped at Hivaoa, soon after, for supplies, and Lieutenant Whalon went on shore to trade for pigs, fowls, etc. Unsuspicious of the terrible fate that awaited him, he allowed himself to be decoyed farther and farther inland until he reached the woods, out of sight of the vessel. Then, suddenly, at a given signal, a fierce crowd of savages rushed upon him, stripped him of his clothing, bound him hand and foot, and carried him to the *heiau* to be killed and eaten!

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Others of the crew of the *Congress* would have shared the same fate, had it not been for a young Marquesan girl, a servant in the family of Kekela, who realized what was about to happen. By making signs she warned them of their danger, motioning them to go back to their ship, and crying out, "Pull away! Pull away!"

At the *heiau* the unfortunate lieutenant was surrounded by grinning savages. With their elaborately tattooed faces and hair tied in two bunches on the top of the head, they looked more like demons than men. They danced about their victim in great glee, torturing him frightfully, pulling his nose and ears, bending his thumbs backward and forward, and flourishing long knives as if about to kill him.

Unfortunately Kekela was away from home at the time. A German, living on the islands, tried to rescue the poor prisoner, but his efforts proved unavailing. The chief declared that the day of vengeance had come and he was about to perform the vow made at the time of the abduction of his son. Besides, the prospect of a feast on white man's flesh was too delightful to be given up easily.

All night long the terrible torture continued. In the morning Kekela returned and at once went

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to the *heiau* to plead for Lieutenant Whalon's life. At first the savages positively refused to listen; but by and by they began to talk about a ransom. Perhaps, they reasoned, here was an opportunity to get possession of a fine new six-oared boat that had recently been sent to Kekela from Boston.

Would the missionary give that for the white man's life? they asked. Yes; though it was greatly prized and almost indispensable to his work, the missionary would give that.

The transaction was about to be closed when the chief of a hostile clan suddenly remembered that it was convenient to take trips with the missionary in this boat, and that if it passed into the possession of his enemy, he could no longer have this privilege. He, therefore, positively refused to allow it to be given up.

After much discussion, the savages finally agreed to accept a gun and other articles, and Mr. Whalon, weak and ill from his terrible experiences, was released. Kekela at once took him to his own home, where he was tenderly cared for by the good Naomi. As soon as he was able, he was put on board the *Congress*, which had anchored far out at sea, waiting to learn the fate of her lieutenant.

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When Lincoln heard the story, he sent to Kekela, by the captain of the *Morning Star*, guns, watches, a medal, and other gifts to the value of five hundred dollars, together with a letter of congratulation expressing the thanks of the nation for his important service in rescuing a United States citizen.

Kekela's answer to the president, acknowledging his letter and the gifts, was very beautiful. It read in part as follows:

"*Greetings to you, great and good Friend!*

"My mind is stirred up to address you in friendship. I greatly respect you for holding converse with such humble ones. Such you well know us to be.

"When I saw one of your countrymen, a citizen of your great nation, ill-treated, and about to be baked and eaten, as a pig is eaten, I ran to deliver him, full of pity and grief at the evil deed of these benighted people.

"As to this friendly deed of mine in saving Mr. Whalon, its seed came from your great land, and was brought by certain of your countrymen, who had received the love of God. It was planted in Hawaii, and I brought it to plant in this land and in these dark regions, that they

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might receive the root of all that is good and true, which is *love*. . . .

"How shall I repay your great kindness to me? Thus David asked of Jehovah, and thus I ask of you, the President of the United States. This is my only payment,—that which I have received of the Lord,—*aloha*.[1] May the love of the Lord Jesus abound with you until the end of this terrible war in your land."

President Lincoln never received this touching letter. It reached Washington a short time after his tragic death, when the whole land was mourning her beloved leader.

The world little realizes the debt she owes to foreign missionaries. Charles Darwin, the great naturalist has said: "Dishonesty, intemperance and licentiousness have been greatly reduced by the introduction of Christianity. In a voyager to forget these things is base ingratitude, for should he chance to be at the point of shipwreck on some unknown coast, he will devoutly pray that the lesson of the missionary may have extended thus far."

[1] Love.

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XV

Hawaii a Christian Nation

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"AWAKE, MY SOUL, TO JOYFUL LAYS," IN THE KUSAIEAN LANGUAGE. (CAROLINE ISLANDS.)

1. Okasak *n*unik on nu mwo,
On nu sin Leum *s*u es la ko;
El lu*n*sel *n*a in on nu sel
Lu*n* kula*n* Leum ma mwo nu lal.

"THERE IS A HAPPY LAND," IN THE PONAPEAN LANGUAGE. (CAROLINE ISLANDS.)

1. Uaja kajalelia,
Meto, meto,
Uaja en ani mau,
Marain, marain;
Ar kaul mekajalel,
Jijuj kom kamauri kit,
Kitail kaul laut er kaul,
Kaul meuare.

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XV

HAWAII A CHRISTIAN NATION

As the years went by, recording these marvellous triumphs of the Gospel, great changes were wrought, not only in the religious, but also in the political affairs of the islands. The heathen kingdom of Hawaii, with its oppressive and tyrannical form of government, was gradually transformed into a free and enlightened Christian nation.

The first step in this direction was taken in 1825, after the fatal visit of King Liho Liho and his queen to England. While in London the chiefs who accompanied the royal pair were granted an interview with King George IV., in the course of which he advised them to encourage the missionaries, saying that they were good people and that it was through their work that his own powerful and prosperous kingdom had been lifted out of its former barbarous state.

On their return to Hawaii, they reported these things to a council of the high chiefs and rulers of the nation, who decided to take the advice of the English king and do all in their power to assist the

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missionaries. With this end in view, laws were enacted for the suppression of murder and theft, infanticide, immorality and intemperance. The Sabbath was officially recognized, intermarriage between near relatives abolished, the celebration of legal marriages recommended, and the Ten Commandments adopted as the foundation of the government.

In 1826 an important step was taken at the dedication of the church at Kailua, built by the high chief Kaakini, a brother of the Queen Dowager Kaahumanu. On this occasion Christianity was publicly espoused by the government, the rulers of the nation pledging their support to the new religion.

In these salutary reforms the high chiefs were greatly assisted by the wise counsels and friendly advice of Lord Byron (a cousin of the poet) who, having come to Hawaii in command of the English vessel bearing the remains of the dead king and queen, remained for some time as an honored guest.

Immediately after his return to England, bitter opposition to the new laws broke out among unscrupulous foreigners living on the islands. From the day the *Thaddeus* first cast anchor in Kailua Bay, people of this class attempted to thwart

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every effort put forth, not only by the missionaries, but also by the native rulers themselves, for the uplifting of the islanders. The story of how so-called civilized white people forced intemperance and immorality upon a race that was struggling to free itself from sin and degradation, forms one of the saddest and most disgraceful chapters in the history of nations.

Though this foreign opposition interfered greatly with the progress of the islands, and caused much suffering among the missionaries—their lives being actually in danger on several occasions—it was again and again overruled by most providential occurrences, and the right finally triumphed.

During the Great Awakening of 1837–1843, the Hawaiian people became fully aroused to the importance of adopting the manners and customs of a civilized people. Accordingly Rev. William Richards was requested to deliver a series of lectures on political economy and civil government, and important changes were made in political affairs.

In 1839 King Kamehameha III., the "Good King," signed a Bill of Rights, thereby voluntarily relinquishing much of his tyrannical power. In 1840 and again in 1842, he granted constitu-

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tions, establishing a limited monarchy, and giving the people the right of suffrage. A new code of laws, framed by the best legal talent, was formally adopted in 1846. At the same time the abolition of idolatry was confirmed, full religious toleration granted, and the Christian faith established in these words: "The religion of the Lord Jesus Christ shall continue to be the established national religion of the Hawaiian Islands." The government thus became Christian to an extent seldom seen.

An excellent system of public schools was established, Rev. Dr. Armstrong (father of General Armstrong, of Hampton Institute) being made Overseer of Schools, and Rev. William Richards, Minister of Instruction. The Hawaiian people owe much of their progress in civilization to these and other missionaries, who threw their whole interests into the political affairs of the nation, giving valuable counsel and rendering efficient aid.

Another important change was the division of the land among all classes. It had previously been held exclusively by the kings and chiefs, but now even the lowliest of the people received a full share. So wonderful did this seem to them, that at first they were incredulous, fearing it a ruse to induce

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them to build houses and till the ground merely to improve the land for the chiefs, who would presently seize it for themselves.

Rapid progress was made, also, in material things. In 1836 the king applied to the United States for skilled workmen to come to the islands and instruct the natives in their various trades; also for skilled agriculturists to teach them how to cultivate the soil and raise vegetable products. Foreign capital was introduced to develop all the resources of the country, and the people were gradually lifted out of their dire poverty into comparative comfort and even wealth.

Having now a good system of government and products and facilities for carrying on foreign commerce, the little island kingdom sought for recognition as an independent nation. This was sorely needed, for France, England and Russia had each at different times, endeavored to obtain supremacy in the islands. Having successfully thwarted their efforts, the government at last obtained the desired recognition first from the United States, and later from France and England.

On July 31, 1843, when the British flag, which had been wrongfully hoisted over the islands, was lowered with imposing ceremonies, Kame-

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hameha III. uttered the words which have become the national motto: "Ua mau ka aea o ka aina ika pono—The life of the nation is established in righteousness."

Nearly forty years ago, Richard Henry Dana, Jr., the eminent American lawyer and author who made a tour of the world in 1859–60, wrote thus to the New York *Tribune*, concerning the condition of the islands: "It is no small thing to say that the missionaries of the A. B. C. F. M. have, in less than forty years, taught this whole people to read, write, cipher and sew; they have given them an alphabet, grammar and dictionary; preserved their language from extinction; given it a literature and translated into it the Bible and works of devotion, science, entertainment, etc.; they have established schools, reared up native teachers, and so pressed their work that the proportion of the inhabitants who can read and write is greater than in New England.

"Whereas they found these people half-naked savages, living in the surf and on the sand, eating raw fish, fighting among themselves, tyrannized over by feudal chiefs, and abandoned to sensuality, we see them decently clothed, recognizing the law of marriage, knowing something of accounts, going to school and public worship with

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more regularity than the people do at home, and the more elevated of them taking part, in conducting the affairs of the constitutional government under which they live, holding seats on the judicial bench, and in the legislature chambers, and filling posts in the local magistracies. . . .

"In no place that I have visited are the rules which control vice and regulate amusements so strict, so reasonable and so fairly enforced. A man may travel in the interior alone, unarmed, even through the wildest spots. I found no hut without its Bible and hymn-book in the native tongue, and the practice of family prayer and grace before meat."

Owing to the remarkable success of the Hawaiian Mission, the American Board put forth vigorous efforts to complete the evangelization of the islands at an early date, in order that they might be held up before the world as an example of the power of the Gospel to Christianize and civilize a heathen people. Their best workers were, therefore, sent out to this field in large numbers, neither men nor money being spared for the accomplishment of this purpose.

The Board at last began to feel that its work was done. The native Hawaiian churches were able to govern and support themselves, and to

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carry on their own missions, both home and foreign. It was claimed that under these conditions, they could no longer be considered fit subjects for missionary effect, but had a right to become independent, self-governing organizations.

Accordingly in 1863, Rev. Rufus Anderson, Secretary of the Board, was sent to the islands to investigate their condition. After consultation with the missionaries, some of whom favored the plan, while others doubted its expediency, it was decided to withdraw from the field gradually, and the work of placing native pastors over the churches was at once begun. No new missionaries were sent out, but it was thought best for those already on the field to continue their oversight of the native workers for a few years.

Finally, at a great jubilee celebration, held on June 15, 1870, commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of the mission, the Board formally announced its complete withdrawal from the field. This celebration, which was held in the Kawaiahoe church, was attended by three thousand people, including the king and queen, and other high officials, besides the representatives of foreign powers. Congratulatory addresses were made,

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KAWAIAHOE CHURCH, HONOLULU.

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and the Hawaiian Islands were declared to be an independent Christian nation.

Fifty years' work, 156 laborers and a little more $1,000,000 in money (during the same period about $4,000,000 came back to this country in trade) had sufficed to transform a race of ignorant, degraded savages into a nation of intelligent, civilized, God-fearing men and women. Such is the power of the Gospel.

The wisdom of the American Board in thus early closing the mission, has been seriously questioned. Though the native pastors were earnest, capable men, and the converts faithful, consistent Christians, many of their best friends have felt that they still needed the strong, guiding hand of the American missionaries to whom they could refer the difficult questions which were constantly arising in a community that had been under Christian influence but fifty years.

The brave little Hawaiian churches, however, in the face of great difficulties, have nobly held their own. But they have suffered much, not only from the great influx of heathen Asiatics and other ungodly foreigners from abroad, but also from the opposition of corrupt rulers at home, who were not favorably disposed to Christianity as the earlier kings and queens had been.

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By a wise provision of the American Board, certain inducements were offered to the children of missionaries, numbering about 130, to settle on the islands. The existence of a fine school at Punahou, now Oahu College, made it possible for both young men and women to obtain a thorough education at a small cost without going to America. Then, too, all lands which had been granted to the mission by the kings and chiefs in the early days, together with the substantial dwellings erected on them, were deeded to the forty missionary families scattered over the islands.

The happy result of this has been the permanent residence in Hawaii of many descendants of missionaries, some of whom—notably ex-President Sanford B. Dole—have occupied positions of great importance. With their thorough knowledge of the language and the natives, and their inherited interest in them, they have rendered invaluable service in upholding religion, education and morality, giving to society that sound moral tone so badly needed.

"Do you think," asked a sceptical tourist of a Christian merchant in Honolulu, "that the missionaries to the Hawaiian Islands have really done the people much good?"

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"That depends," was the indignant reply, "on whether the Hawaiians have souls or not."

The salvation of more than 50,000 souls, however, was but one of many blessings that the missionaries gave to the Hawaiian people. Here as elsewhere it has been clearly demonstrated that "godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."

Only those who believe that ruthless sacrifice of human life, infanticide, idolatry, superstition, intemperance, immorality, tyranny, grass huts, nakedness, utter disregard of the family tie, and dire poverty, are better than peace, prosperity, comfortable homes, love of wife and children, education, industry and enlightenment, will fail to acknowledge the many benefits, both temporal and eternal, that have been conferred upon the Hawaiian Islands by the noble army of workers and givers enlisted under the banner of the American Board.

After visiting the islands Mark Twain says, in *Roughing It:* "The benefit conferred upon this people by the missionaries is so prominent, so palpable and so unquestionable that the frankest compliment I can pay them and the best, is simply to point to the condition of the Sandwich

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Islands in Captain Cook's time, and their condition to-day. Their work speaks for itself."

> *"The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light: they that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined."*

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XVI

Hawaii a Territory of the United States

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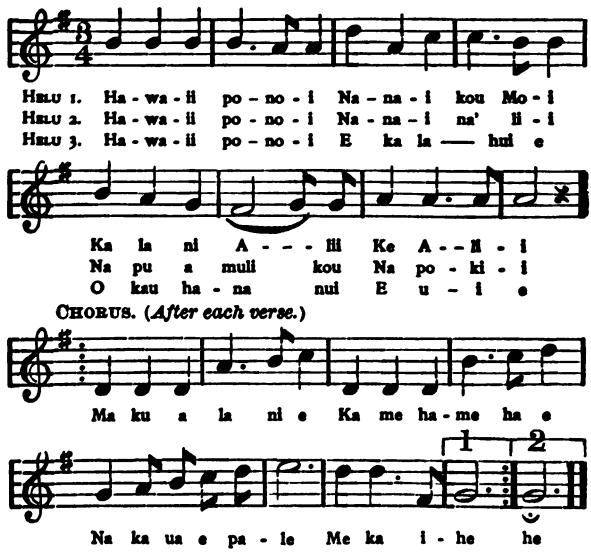
Hawaii Ponoi.[1]



[1]The national hymn of Hawaii, the words of which were written by King Kalakaua. It was sung officially for the last time on Aug. 12, 1898, just before the raising of the United States flag. "The Star Spangled Banner" was then adopted as the national song.

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XVI

HAWAII A TERRITORY OF THE UNITED STATES

In recent years the political affairs of the Hawaiian Islands have been in a sad and discouraging condition. The little nation has been torn and distracted by opposing factions within her own borders, and threatened by many perils from without.

The recent annexation by the United States will insure a good and stable government and the protection of a strong and powerful nation. It has, therefore, been heartily welcomed by the Hawaiian people.

The authentic history of the islands begins with the reign of the great conqueror, Kamehameha I., founder of the famous Kamehameha dynasty which continued in power for seventy years, and included the reigns of five kings. Under their rule the islands steadily advanced in Christianity, civilization and political and commercial importance.

In December, 1872, at the death of Kamehameha V. who had no relative nearer than a

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half-sister not in the line of royal descent, this dynasty unfortunately came to an end.

The last of the Kamehamehas was the weakest and least enlightened ruler of his line, and left behind him an unenviable record. He abrogated the constitution, thereby curtailing the rights of the people, and introduced into his palaces immoral dances and other features of the old heathenism.

He was, nevertheless, an intensely patriotic prince, laboring in many ways for the advancement of his kingdom. On his deathbed, realizing how dark the outlook was, he exclaimed: "What is to become of my poor country? Queen Emma I do not trust; Lunalilo is a drunkard; and Kalakaua is a fool!"

There being no successor to the crown, it devolved upon the Legislative Assembly to elect a ruler by ballot. There were two candidates; the High Chief David Kalakaua and William Lunalilo, a grandson of the chief who killed Captain Cook, and was highest in rank of any chief in the islands. The latter was chosen unanimously and proclaimed king.

This greatly enraged Kalakaua, and he at once instigated a revolt among the soldiers, hoping thus to gain the throne, but it was speedily quelled.

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In 1874, after a brief reign of one year and twenty-five days, King Lunalilo, the "Well-Beloved," passed away, leaving no heir. The grief of the people was intense. His body lay in state and was viewed by thousands of his weeping subjects.

At his burial, his body was wrapped in a magnificent royal feather mantle, by the direction of his father, who said: "He is the last of our race; it belongs to him." The attendants were dismayed, for the mantle was of priceless value, and there was but one other like it in the kingdom.

Once more the Legislature was called upon to elect a ruler for the kingdom. The contestants were Queen Emma, relict of Kamehameha IV., and David Kalakaua, the unsuccessful candidate on the former occasion. The election, which resulted in the choice of Kalakaua, was marked by great bitterness of feeling, and at its close the friends of Queen Emma created a riot which was quelled by marines, sent ashore by request of the cabinet, from American and British vessels in the harbor.

King Kalakaua now entered upon a course of extravagance, corruption and usurpation of power that well-nigh wrecked the islands. He pro-

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moted the liquor and opium traffics, sought to demoralize the churches, and attempted to enforce the adoption of a constitution giving him absolute power.

In 1887 his conduct became so atrocious that the people rose in rebellion and compelled him to grant them a new constitution limiting his power and restoring to them the privileges of which they had been deprived.

Shortly after, his sister, Mrs. Lydia Liliuokalani Dominis, who had been for some time in England, returned to the islands. She fiercely upbraided the king for acceding to the wishes of the people, and in 1889, with the aid of a few prominent people and a party of natives, she made an unsuccessful attempt to overthrow the government and seize the throne for herself.

In 1891, while on a visit to California, King Kalakaua, weakened by dissipation, died in San Francisco. Liliuokalani was proclaimed queen, and very reluctantly signed the constitution. It was hoped, that with a good cabinet, a better state of affairs would exist in the islands, but unfortunately the new queen walked in her brother's ways, signing bills for the admission of the Louisiana Lottery Company and the Chinese

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opium traffic, and demanding a new constitution giving her absolute power.

Incensed by these wrongs, the people once more rebelled, the queen was dethroned, and a provisional government formed with the avowed intention of securing annexation to the United States.

In 1893, near the close of President Harrison's administration, an annexation treaty was partially negotiated, but before its completion, President Cleveland came into power, and it was soon after withdrawn.

In 1894, all hope of immediate annexation being necessarily given up, the provisional government was merged into a republic, with the hearty coöperation of delegates from every district in the islands, and Sanford B. Dole, son of Rev. Daniel Dole, a missionary in Hawaii from 1840 to 1878, was elected president for a term of six years. On July 4, in the presence of an enthusiastic multitude, he proclaimed the new republic from the steps of the Iolani Palace, exclaiming as he raised his hand toward heaven, "God save the republic!"

In 1895 an attempt was made to reinstate Liliuokalani. Providentially, however, the plot was discovered before it was put into execution,

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and the ringleaders, including the ex-queen, were tried and sentenced to imprisonment.

From this time on, the idea of annexation to the United States grew more and more popular. The republican government, though perfectly satisfactory, was constantly menaced by the royalists and by the Asiatic colonists, who, as they grew stronger in numbers, began to insist on having a voice in political affairs. The feeling of uncertainty kept the people in a state of unrest, effectually preventing the advancement of the islands. It was clearly seen, too, that the little nation must eventually come under the control of some great power, and they much preferred the United States to any other.

Early in 1897 negotiations between the two countries were once more opened, and on June 16, President McKinley sent an annexation treaty to the Senate for its consideration. A few months later, on September 10, this treaty was unanimously ratified by the Hawaiian Legislature, convened in special session for the purpose.

Not until July 6, 1898, were the islands formally accepted by the United States. After the adoption of the Newlands resolutions on that date, the United States government sent Rear-Admiral Joseph N. Miller of the United States navy to

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Honolulu to formally take possession of the islands and raise over them the American flag.

The Hawaiians received the news with great rejoicing, and their enthusiasm knew no bounds when, on August 12, the Hawaiian flag was lowered, and the Stars and Stripes at last floated over their executive building.

God grant that annexation may bring to them all the blessings they have hoped to receive from it. May it mark the dawn of an era of spiritual and temporal prosperity unexampled in the history of the islands.

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